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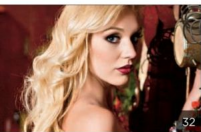
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RUNNER-UP
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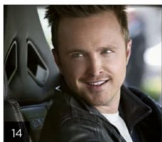


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Howard David Johnson's Renaissance-inspired artwork adorns the Archangel's wings

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JUST US GIRLS

Last summer, my husband Reece borrowed a friend's beach house for a week-long vacation. The area turned out to be a little more upscale than I'd expected, and the houses were quite luxurious. Ours was lovely, but it was nothing compared to the one next door, which was two stories high with a hot tub on the second-story deck and a sweeping view of the beach.

The couple staying there looked to be around our age—late thirties—and seemed very down-to-earth, with Dave inviting Reece to the local sports bar to catch the ball game on the huge flat-screen TV, while his wife suggested that I come over later to enjoy the sunset from the hot tub. She even winked at me and said, "No swimsuits allowed, since it's just us girls."

The husband, Dave, was rock-star handsome—not pretty-boy handsome, but he hit all the right notes as far as I was concerned, along with being tall and lean. His wife, Sophie, appeared to be a natural blonde with beautiful green eyes and a figure I knew appealed to Reece.

Reece had been gone for a couple of hours when I tied a sarong around my sunburned body and headed next door. Sophie met me with two bottles of hard lemonade, and I followed her to the upper deck. The view really was spectacular, and as the sun began to set, a full moon shimmered on the water. Sophie removed her robe and reclined on a lounge chair. I removed my sarong, and quickly slipped into the tub, but the hot water did not feel good on my sunburn. I quickly climbed out of the tub and started to put on my sarong. Sophie stopped me, saying she had some aloe lotion for my hot, tender skin.

After placing a large beach towel on a lounge chair and telling me to lie on my stomach, she gently began rubbing the soothing lotion into my back and arms. When she rubbed my back, her fingers slid around to the sides of my breasts. Then she worked her way down to my ass. Even though my butt wasn't sunburned, she began applying the lotion to my ass cheeks, rubbing and squeezing and making me hotter, despite the cooling effect of the aloe.

At that point, I was more than a little excited by Sophie's touch, and I eagerly rolled onto my back at her direction. When she touched my breasts, she cupped one with each hand, her fingers playing with my nipples. When she leaned over and sucked one into her mouth, I moaned. They were firm and protruding, and she alternately flicked one, then the other, with her tongue.

Sophie's next move was to push my legs apart and place my feet on the deck, then wedge a firm pillow under my hips. I was already wet from the feel of her teasing hands and the slick lotion. When she lightly ran a finger between my pussy lips, almost but not quite entering my cunt, I nearly jumped. She continued teasing me,

squeezing my lips and rubbing her finger from my clit to my ass.

As she gently spread my cunt lips, she leaned down and ran her tongue slowly up and down between them. She slid a finger into my pussy and moved it in and out while her tongue circled and teased my clit. As the pleasure and tension increased, I raised my hips, and her soft lips and tongue continued to bring me closer to climax. When the orgasm hit me, the pressure and tension that had been building within me snapped, and I cried out my release, drenching Sophie's fingers and face.

Feeling totally relaxed and as if my body had become completely boneless, I collapsed, pulling Sophie up for a deep kiss, noting how much I enjoyed tasting myself on her lips.

Not even the sound of Dave and Reece coming up the stairs was enough to stop our languid make-out session. Seeing Sophie and me entwined in each other's arms came as no surprise to Sophie's husband. As for Reece, that was an entirely different matter. But you'll have to wait for my next letter to find out what happened after that!—L.C., Nevada

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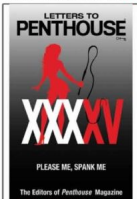
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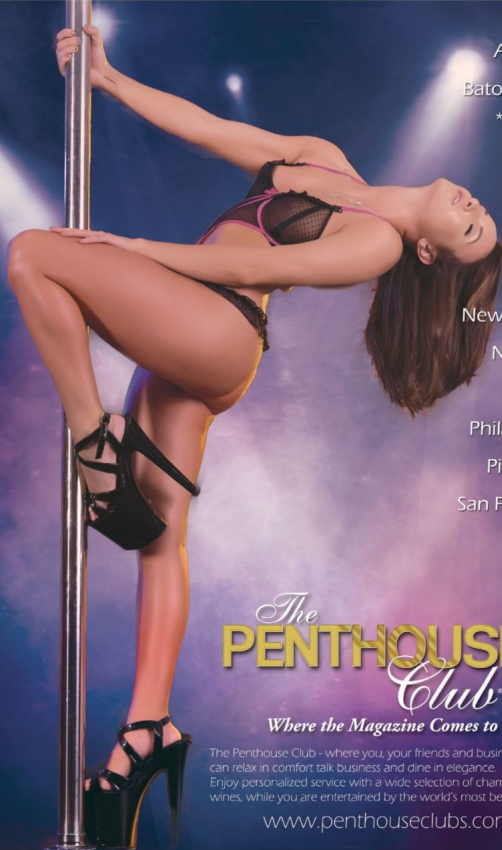
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DEMONIC OPPRESSION

Jonah Hill experienced the very worst form of demonic attack in *This Is the End*, earning the Cold Shower Award. Turn the page to learn why he's sharing that award with James Franco, and to see who gets the Double Ds for scenes that actually heat us up.



ILLUSTRATION BY REVEALING

PENTHOUSE.COM 9

The 8th Annual *Penthouse* Dirty Dozen

It's time to bestow our prestigious Double D Awards upon the sexiest, craziest, trashiest moments on the silver screen this past year.

We're suckers for a killer blockbuster, and 2013 delivered, with sci-fi thrillers, billion-dollar franchises, and superheroes galore. But we're here for a far more noble cause: to award the Double Ds to those silver-screen moments that really matter.

The Oral Achievement Award SHIA LABEOUF

LaBeouf ended 2013 on a sour note, eating crow after a plagiarism scandal. But we're rewarding him for journeying south in both *Charlie Countryman* and *Nymphomaniac*, although his performances were censored by the MPAA and YouTube, respectively. We respect LaBeouf's willingness to break one of the last on-screen taboos. Speaking of ...

The Worst Editing Decision CHARLIE COUNTRYMAN

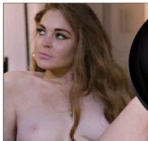
To avoid a smackdown from the prudish MPAA, a scene in which Evan Rachel Wood receives oral sex was cut from the film. Wood tweeted: "... someone felt that seeing a man give a woman oral sex made people 'uncomfortable' but the scenes in which people are murdered by having their heads blown off remained intact and unaltered." Touché.

The Cold Shower Award (tie) JAMES FRANCO and JONAH HILL

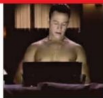
We always thought bad blowjobs were like bad pizza (meaning nonexistent)—until we saw Franco being forced to fellate a pistol in *Spring Breakers*. But the awkwardness of that scene was trumped by Hill's (literally) uncomfortable anal-sex encounter with an extremely well-endowed demon in the apocalyptic comedy *This Is the End*.

Best Porn/Mainstream Crossover THE CANYONS

This erotic thriller bombed, but it marked a crossover for porn stars James Deen and Lily LaBeau, who enjoyed a steamy four-way with Lindsay Lohan and newcomer Thomas Trussell. Then again, given her bad acting and the barely there plot, it could be argued that Lohan was the one crossing over.



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Best Porn-Within-a-Movie **DON JON**

In this movie about a porn addict trying to find real-life love, Joseph Gordon-Levitt watches a shit-ton of porn and seals the deal with Scarlett Johansson, Julianne Moore, and himself. We approve on all fronts. One website said this topped the list of films headlining the porniest season ever in Hollywood, and while those evaluators didn't mean it as a compliment, we think that's as good as an Oscar nod.



Best Girl-on-Girl **BLUE IS THE WARMEST COLOR**

We know this raw, heartbreaking French film won the Palme d'Or at the Cannes Film Festival and it was the first time that accolade was awarded to a movie's actresses as well as the director. But we hope there's not a quiz on what actually happened in the movie, because we only paid attention to the ten-minute lesbian sex scene, which was smoking hot.



Goody Two-Shoes Gone Bad Male: **JUSTIN CHON, 21 & OVER** Female: **AUBREY PLAZA, THE TO DO LIST**

Chon plays a straight-A medical student who has a long-overdue night of drunken debauchery for his 21st birthday, which ends with a teddy bear glued to his goods. Meanwhile, Plaza plays a high school perfectionist who makes up for lost time by checking off a list of sexual exploits, which results in disappointing sex in a Vanagon. Both films captured the awkwardness in a hilarious way.

Honorable Mention: **SIVAN LEVY, \$XX ACTS**

We expected *\$XX Acts*: an Israeli film about a girl who tries to boost her status by hooking up with popular guys to be a smarter take on the sexy theme. But the movie delves into much darker territory, and at times it's more uncomfortable than well, sex in a Vanagon.



Sequel Highs and Lows

Worst: **A GOOD DAY TO DIE HARD**

John McClane heads to Moscow to rescue his estranged son and ends up taking down the Russian underworld. What could go wrong? Well, for starters, you could hire the director responsible for *Max Payne*. Best: **FAST & FURIOUS 6**

You would assume that by the sixth installment of a drag-racing film, you'd be watching shit on a stick. You'd be wrong. Against all odds, this was actually better than the original.



Most Satisfying Wig **ANCHORMAN 2: THE LEGEND CONTINUES**

We waited nine loony years for Will Ferrell's triumphant return to that legendary, lustrous toupee. And while it's not as instantly classic as the original, watching Ron Burgundy attempt to stay classy while navigating the world of 24/7 news was one of our favorite moviegoing experiences of 2013.



Least Satisfying Wig **GIRL MOST LIKELY**

We're always stoked when Kristen Wiig is in a movie—unless it's an unfunny story about a fake-suicidal playwright. Can we just have *Bridesmaids 2*, please?



Worst Dog Treat **PAIN & GAIN**

We expected great things from this action comedy about personal trainers who get caught up in a crime ring. Unfortunately, the most memorable moment is when the Rock's character has his toe shot off during a chase and later feeds it to a victim's dog. Graciously? Well, yeah. What do you expect from Michael Bay?



Guilty Pleasure (and Pain) Pleasure: **SHARKNADO**

Who knew a half-rate horror movie with flying sharks and Tara Reid would actually be watchable? This campy flick combined a freak hurricane, shark-infested floodwaters, and a bevy of washed-up actors—and it surprisingly struck gold. Pain: **MOVIE 43**
This movie illustrated—not for the first time that even a top-notch cast can't make a film work. Despite having Kristen Bell, Anna Farris, Emma Stone, Kate Winslet, Halle Berry, Elizabeth Banks, Kate Bosworth, Hugh Jackman, Gerard Butler, Josh Duhamel, Johnny Knoxville, Justin Long, and Jason Sudeikis, it still failed deservedly so.



Breakthrough Babes



Emily Ratajowski

Okay, so she's not a movie star yet. But the sexy Brit's bare-naked performance in Robin Thicke's *Blurred Lines* video has us excited to see her hit the big screen next year in the upcoming *Gone Girl*.



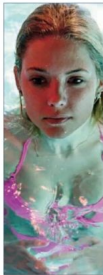
Bar Paly

After flying under the radar in small TV roles for the past few years, this stunning Israeli actress was the highlight of two *eh* movies in 2013: *Pain & Gain* and *A Glimpse Inside the Mind of Charles Swan III*.



Genesis Rodriguez

Unless you're a big fan of telenovelas, you probably hadn't heard of Rodriguez until she scored a hat trick of hotness with roles in *The Last Stand*, *Identity Thief*, and *Hours*.



Ashley Benson

Okay, let's ignore that she was in a direct-to-DVD installment of *Bring It On* a few years ago—we're giving her sexy newcomer status thanks to her breakout role as power-hungry party-girl Brit in *Spring Breakers*.



Jane Levy

We already had a crush after seeing her on TV in *Shameless* and *Suburgatory*, but her starring role in the *Evil Dead* remake sealed the deal. **OTW**

Movie Titles That Sound Like Porn

Warm Bodies
21 & Over

Spring Breakers
Fists of Legend

So Young
The English Teacher
The Internship

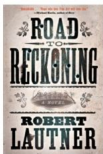
Pacific Rim
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In Robert Lautner's absorbing debut novel, a mild-mannered traveling salesman is murdered, leaving his 12-year-old son to fend for himself in pioneer-era Pennsylvania.

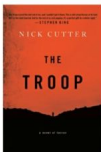
By John Bolster



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By Robert Lautner

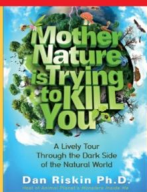
According to his author bio, Lautner lives with his wife and children in a wooden cabin on the coast of Pembrokeshire, Wales. He may have to brace himself for an intrusion of Hollywood glitz into his apparently rustic lifestyle, because his debut novel—with its well-drawn 12-year-old protagonist, Thomas Walker, and his equally vivid companion, former Indiana ranger Henry Stands—is tailor-made for the movies (think *True Grit*). The unlikely pair fall in after the vicious murder of Walker's father, a traveling salesman hawking the latest in firearm technology, Samuel Colt's "Improved Revolving Gun." In addition to its portrait of violence and loss, Lautner's swiftly moving tale reanimates a forgotten era and location in American history. The bulk of the story takes place in northeastern Pennsylvania, a mining region threaded with canals, which, during the economic downturn of 1837, was nearly as wild as the West.



GENRE-HOPPING NOVELIST OF THE MONTH

Nick Cutter

Which established Toronto-based novelist has jumped genres, adopted the hard-boiled pseudonym "Nick Cutter," and written a fast-paced horror story about a group of Boy Scouts on a deserted island in the Canadian wilderness? (Hint: One of his novels was turned into a movie.) The publisher's coyly not saying, but if you like graphic, gruesome ghost stories (with a biotech bent), then *The Troop* is right up your alley. The five troop members and their experienced scoutmaster, Dr. Tim Riggs, are soon plunged into a nightmarish battle for survival by the appearance of a horribly emaciated stranger, who stumbles out of the woods and into their midst. The product of a bioengineering scheme gone perversely wrong, this skeletal creature has a literally insatiable hunger, and he's highly infectious. Scouting motto aside, none of the boys are prepared for what unfolds.



GNARLY ANIMAL-FACTS EXCERPT OF THE MONTH

From *Mother Nature is Trying to Kill You* By Dan Riskin

Of the world's venomous creatures—from bullet ants and Africanized bees to reclusive spiders, scorpions, and jellyfish—snakes are by far the deadliest. In the Southeast Asian nation of Bangladesh alone, the slithering SOB's claim roughly 6,000 lives annually, and worldwide estimates of fatal snakebites range from 20,000 to 125,000 per year. Riskin, the host of Animal Planet's *Monsters Inside Me*, packs his book with facts like these as he explores the nastier side of Mother Nature. Organizing species under chapter headings from the seven deadly sins, he details the teeming multitudes of self-interest-driven dramas that unfold in the natural world every minute. Under the heading "Gluttony," he talks predators, relaying some surprising facts about the inspiration for a certain comic-book superhero:

"If we're going to talk about gluttony in predators, an obvious starting point is the wolverine, since its scientific name, *Gulo*, literally means 'glutton' in Latin. A wolverine is a badass. It weighs somewhere between 20 and 40 pounds but can take down an 800-pound moose by jumping on its back and severing the tendons in its neck.... In one instance, a single wolverine was recorded to have killed ten reindeer in one day....

"As great as they are at hunting, wolverines are even better at finding carcasses of animals that have already died and eating those. In fact, wolverines have been known to track predators like wolves and lynx, wait until those predators make their kill, and then steal the carcasses for themselves.

"Using a combination of killing and scavenging, wolverines do very well for themselves. An impressive number of different animal species have been found in the stomachs of wolverines: moose, elk, caribou, deer, foxes, lynx, hares, marmots, ground squirrels, porcupines, beavers, voles, lemmings, shrews, magpies, hawks, ptarmigans, fish... even seals, walrus, and whales." **—OH**

LIKE CLOCKWORK

Passengers are dying every 20 minutes, and sky marshal Liam Neeson must figure out why, in his latest annual silly action flick.

Non-Stop

Liam Neeson, Julianne Moore

Welcome back, Mr. January (or February, in this case): Neeson has carved out a lucrative niche for himself in recent years, as the purveyor of a "particular set of skills" in winter action films. No one minds this in the slightest; those Oscar-bait roles can wait while Neeson grows his way toward status as a latter-day Harrison Ford. His latest is set on a transatlantic flight, where passengers are mysteriously dying every 20 minutes—it's not the chicken—and sky marshal Neeson has to get to the bottom of it. His tactics include hijacking the plane, breaking the no-cellphones rule, and exploding the pressurized cabin. Moore and *Downton Abbey*'s Michelle Dockery squirm uncomfortably in business class, but you're going for the slow burn of a star who's found a deliciously cheesy late-career groove. To quote (the very quotable) *Key & Peele*: "Neesons" is most definitely our shit.



The Grand Budapest Hotel

Ralph Fiennes, Saoirse Ronan, Adrien Brody, Edward Norton

You probably already know where you stand with regard to Wes Anderson. He's either the delightful crafter of dioramalike comedies such as *The Royal Tenenbaums* and *Fantastic Mr. Fox*, or a bottomless source of twee obnoxiousness. We skew toward the former opinion, but the director's latest looks like it could confirm both biases: The setting is an elegant European lodge presided over by the effortlessly charming Fiennes and stocked with Anderson's usual cast of caricatures (Bill Murray, Willem Dafoe, Tilda Swinton, and Owen Wilson are also in the cast). The twinkly film you're envisioning in your head is probably not far from the one you'll see come release day.



Need for Speed

Aaron Paul, Chilli Mo, Dominic Cooper

Based on the videogame series of the same name (how's that for promising?), this action flick will surely provide plenty of muscle cars leaping like ballerinas in a universe free from the pesky laws of gravity. Ideally, it would have starred the late Paul Walker; instead, we'll have to make do with *Breaking Bad*'s Aaron Paul as our generic hero behind the gearshift. But human beings aren't the draw here. In the film's riotously somber trailer, Paul promises that all who defy him shall be ashamed and disgraced. Dunno about that. We just anticipate a lot of flame balls.



3 Days to Kill

Kevin Costner, Amber Heard, Hailee Steinfeld

Are you really done working for them? asks Costner's character's wife, in one of those deliciously dumb questions that get lobbed at government agents in the movies. Of course he's not—plus, he's on daddy duty, with *True Grit*'s Steinfeld serving up a side of teenage sass. This one's powered by the shameless instincts of writer Luc Besson and mono-monikered director McG. Probably the only hope for getting through it is by focusing on suicide-blondie Heard as a high-level spy with an injection needle. She'll be a pleasant distraction.



In Secret

Oscar Isaac, Elizabeth Olsen, Jessica Lange

When the erotic work of *Julia Zola* makes it to the screen, we perk up—even if this period piece set in 1860s Paris looks likely to tip closer to prestige-seeking restraint. No matter: The sensuous Olsen (*Martha Marcy May Marlene*) plays pent-up Thérèse, a libertine before her time, and Isaac, hot off *Inside Llewyn Davis*, is the alluring family friend who seduces her out of a loveless marriage. Director Charlie Stratton, chiefly a hired gun for TV, has much to prove. But his project has attracted the esteemed Lange, so he must be doing something right. **D+**

MAXIMUM PAYLOAD

Georgia's Drive-By Truckers deliver their best effort in years, *English Oceans*, packed with 13 rock-solid, Southern-flavored tunes.



Drive-By Truckers
English Oceans
ATO Records

*** 1/2

Drive-By Truckers staked their claim to Southern rock's throne long ago, then cemented it with 2006's *Brighter Than Creation's Dark*. Now, 18 years and 12 albums in, they're seasoned rulers of their domain, which covers all-country, Southern soul, and Exile on Main St.-style honky-tonk—and they continue to flash a novelist's chops in their lyrics. On *English Oceans*, songwriters Mike Cooley and Patterson Hood turn out vivid sketches of compromised relationships ("When He's Gone"), cynical politicians ("The Part of Him"), and bereft parents ("Primer Coat"). The Southern gothic "Walter Went Crazy" could be straight out of a Harry Crews novel: he had rattlesnake in his eyes, blended whiskey in his veins, and murder in his heart. On the elegiac closer "Grand Canyon," Hood honors Craig Lleske, the band's beloved longtime merch man, who died in 2013 at the age of 48. "We went to Grand Canyon/ And we stood at the expanse/ And we watched the rocks change colors/ And we watched the shadows dance."



Water Liars
Water Liars
Big Legal Mess/Fat Possum Records

*** 1/2

Few bands working today do high lonesome quite like Water Liars. The Mississippi duo of Justin Kinkell-Schuster and Andrew Bryant have a knack for knocking you sideways with a single line that captures the desolation of a lopsided love affair, or a life veering into a dead end. Those moments are all over their self-titled third album, which opens with the cheery one-two-three punch of "Cannibal," "War Paint," and "I Want Blood." The dark terrain is enlivened by a wider variety of styles than they've ever recorded before. Several tracks feature crunching guitars and bashing drums counterpoints to quieter tunes, like "Let It Breathe" and the affecting acoustic ballad "Swan-aria." On "Ray Charles Dream," they even try on a burst of fuzzy power pop, and it fits like a glove.



Wild Beasts
Present Tense
Domino Records

This is make-out music for the art-school set: theatrical, synth-laced pop, suffused with solemn atmospherics and falsetto crooning about lofty notions—the kind of stuff that, frankly, would come off as irritating tripe in the wrong hands. But this quartet from Kendal, England, makes it work and then some—by writing wholly convincing, carnally minded songs with no shortage of good lines: "Don't confuse me with someone who gives a fuck," singer Hayden Thorpe murmurs on opener "Wanderlust," before urging "all we want is to know that vivid moment on the ultra-sultry Mecca. On the quietly soaring closer, "Palace, he wows, I could learn you, like the blinded would do, feeling a way through the dark. Hey, it beats the crap out of 'Your body is a wonderland."



Cheatahs
Cheatahs
Wichita Recordings

*** 1/2

You may or may not remember Swervedriver, mid-1990s English proponents of a style frequently referred to as shoegaze. Their sound—swirling, distortion-heavy guitars topped by airy vocals, with reach-for-the-sky choruses—holds up well enough today that the band recently re-formed. They also inspired London-based four-piece Cheatahs, who borrow a few moves from Swervedriver as well as from Dinosaur Jr. and My Bloody Valentine on their self-titled full-length debut. The latter influence shows up most prominently on "IV," with its churning layers of distortion and "Fall," which has shadowy vocals held back in the mix behind a shifting wall of sound. There's some atmosphere in those songs, but Cheatahs fare better with up-tempo numbers like the slashing "Geographic," "Get Tight," and the dynamic "The Swan," which glides gracefully into a groove in its latter half.

ANIMAL COLLECTIVE

Wild Beasts and Cheatahs put us in mind of bands named after members of the wild kingdom. Here are ten of the best (minus the Animals—too on-the-nose).

Insect Wing

The Beatles: You may have heard of these four lads from Liverpool.

Buddy Holly and the Crickets: Holly—the author of such indelible pop classics as “Everyday,” “Not Fade Away,” and “That’ll Be the Day”—was only 22 when he died in a plane crash.

Jurassic Division

Dinosaur Jr.: The indie-rock trio added the “Jr.” after a legal challenge from Bay Area supergroup the Dinosaur.

T-Rex: Marc Bolan’s glam-rocking quartet was more sexy than ferocious, with groovy hits like “Get It On” and “Telegram Sam.”

Domestic Branch

Cat Power: Born Chan Marshall, this smoky-voiced singer-songwriter has been making sad-core indie folk since 1992.

Snoop Dogg: The silky hip-hop icon is dabbling in reggae now, under another animal-accented moniker: Snoop Lion.

Fishbone: Their genre-surfing career peak, 1988’s *Truth and Soul*, still sounds good today.

Modest Mouse: There’s so much more to Isaac Brock and company than “Float On”—not least of which is their excellently contradictory album titles, including *Good News for People Who Love Bad News* and *Building Nothing Out of Something*.

Zoo Sector

Arctic Monkeys: Since their sizzling 2006 debut, *Whatever People Say I Am, That’s What I’m Not*, the Sheffield quartet has tried on a bunch of different styles, and weathered some critical storms, but they emerged in 2013 with their most accomplished record yet, *AM*.

Howlin’ Wolf: The six-foot-six, 300-pound Mississippi-born legend was built for comfort, not for speed, and his sound was once described by producer Sam Phillips as a place “where the soul of man never dies.”



3 ACTS WHO SHOULD BE BIGGER

Fortunately, it's not too late for this trio.

Water Liars

The Case: Their songs tend to be downbeat and dark, but what country/roots-influenced tunes worth their salt aren't? They keep it simple, and pack an emotional wallop.

Start With: *Wyoming or Water Liars*

Valerie June

The Case: She's beautiful; she's got a unique, powerful voice; and her boundary-pushing songs are steeped in blues, folk, country, and gospel. She also speaks with an endearingly thick Southern accent. Careful, you might fall in love.

Start With: *Pushin' Against a Stone*

Telekinesis

The Case: While the previous two acts should be bigger than they are, Michael Benjamin Lerner, aka Telekinesis, should be huge. He's got a radio-ready voice, writes killer hooks, and packs his power-pop gems with plenty of guitar crunch.

Start With: *12 Desperate Straight Lines*





SOMETHING ABOUT MARIA

She writes the heartstring-tugging songs in the background of your girlfriend's favorite sappy prime-time dramas, but Maria Taylor is still the coolest chick you've never heard of.

We would say Maria Taylor is perched on the brink of stardom, but if you're a music geek, she's probably been on your radar for a while now—the 37-year-old songwriter has toured the world and collaborated with just about anyone who's anyone in the Omaha music scene. Her indie credentials were born in high school, back in Birmingham, Alabama, when she started a girl-powered rock band called Little Red Rocket with her friend Orenda Fink. That project eventually morphed into the melancholy dream-pop duo Azure Ray, and the girls also moonlighted in recording engineer Andy LeMaster's indie-rock outfit, Now It's Overhead. Along the way, Taylor has collaborated with Moby (Azure Ray appeared on his album *18*), Michael Stipe (he cowrote and sang on Taylor's 2009 track "Cartoons and Forever Plans"), and Bright Eyes (she sings on a handful of tracks and is still tight with ex-boyfriend Conor Oberst and producer Mike Mogis). Oh, and her singing has graced the background of *Grey's Anatomy*, *Bones*, *One Tree Hill*, *Six Feet Under*, and *Revenge*.

But while Taylor has a reputation for writing moody melodies and heartbroken lyrics, her latest album, *Something About Knowing*, ventures onto happier turf with songs about nostalgia, motherhood, and finding true love at the merchandise table. (Okay, that last one's not really a song—but it's the source of her newfound contentment.) We caught up with Taylor right before she kicked off her U.S. tour to see why she's no longer singing the blues.

Tell us a little bit about your album, *Something About Knowing*. What's something you knew more about while writing this album?

It's my first solo record since I've become a mom. Being a mom changed my perspective, and I feel like you can hear that in this record. I think it's a little more upbeat. The album title is about knowing where your love goes and knowing who loves you and knowing what tomorrow is going to be like. There was a time in my life when I would've hated that, because I loved uncertainty. I thrived on being clueless and letting life take me places.

Is it hard to write happy songs?

Yeah, definitely. I think when you're sad, you tend to soul-search more, and making art is therapeutic and cathartic. When you're happy and things are good, you're just living your life and not trying to understand why. But I'm always getting sad thinking about the past—people I've lost, or people I don't get to see anymore, or times that were beautiful. So I feel like there's a little tinge of nostalgia and sadness that's always going to be there in anything I write.

Do you have a favorite song on the new album?

It changes. I like "You've Got a Way With the Light" a lot. I still listen to it and get chills. My friend [Brad Armstrong] wrote the lyrics, so I feel

like I'm a little more removed—I can actually enjoy it more because it's not all me.

You don't have the critic in your head. Yeah, exactly.

How do you tune out critics?

It's easy for me. I don't ever get upset. I've read so many mean things—especially when I dated Conor [Oberst]. Like "She's so ugly!" "What is he doing with her?" "She can't sing!" I just have strong skin. I think it's funny, really.

You dated Conor for around seven years. What did you learn from him?

I just think he's the best songwriter alive—well, of this generation, hands down. Even when he's just drinking and hanging out with friends, you can see his wheels spinning. His work ethic is insane, and it taught me how you have to really give it everything you've got.

You've been writing songs since you were 15. How has your songwriting changed?

Let's just say I'd be mortified if anyone heard any of the songs I wrote when I was 15! We just wrote the dumbest shit. I listen back and the melodies were so cool—my dad was a musician, so I grew up listening to so many great artists, like Tom Waits and Bob Dylan and the Beatles. So I had a sense of pop melody and song structure, but the lyrics were just god-awful. Somewhere along the way, I realized that lyrics were as important as the music. And that's when everything got a lot harder.

How does writing as a solo artist compare to writing with Azure Ray?

Well, Azure Ray is pretty specific in the way it sounds. We were in this band called Little Red Rocket, and then I had a boyfriend who died in the end of us when we were leaving a show. It was a tragic, awful moment that pretty much changed our whole world. I never wanted to play any of those songs again. We started writing these therapeutic songs with no intention of putting them out. So Azure Ray, from the beginning, was heart-wrenching songs about loss.



PHOTOGRAPH BY KELLY STEFFEY

To this day, we kind of try to keep that aesthetic a bit. With my solo stuff, I have a little more freedom to try different styles, and I run wild with it. Every album, I have a country song, and I have a rock song, and I have a folk song. I play around with it because I can.

You worked with Michael Stipe a few years back. How'd that come about?

He's been a friend of mine for years. I went to Athens to work with my friend

Andy LeMaster—we were about to go on tour, and I was trying to finish a song that I had the chords and the melody for, but I just couldn't finish the lyrics. And Michael came over and wanted us to go to a party, and I was like, "No, I really need to finish this song tonight." He's like, "How about we go to the party, and then

BY KARA WAHLGREN

I'll help you finish the lyrics." I was like, "Really?"

"Okay!"

Yeah—he's been a friend forever, but it's always been separate from his celebrity and separate from his music. He's always been Michael, the dude we have drinks with. So I was incredibly honored that he wanted to do that. Sure enough, we went to the party and came back; it was about one in the morning. We had our pajamas on and there was a knock at the door. And there's Michael with a pen and paper. So we just sat up and he wrote lyric after lyric, and we just kept playing the song over and over for about five hours. We had so many lyrics to sift through, and they were all incredible. It was really inspiring to see how he worked.

You moved from L.A. to Birmingham a few years ago. What's the best thing about Birmingham?

The same things I love about it, I hate about it. It's so familiar and so easy, and I love that. But sometimes it makes me complacent, and I don't like that—I always need to push myself a little. It's very comfortable here. But as long as I can tour and travel, it's awesome to come back. But touring is a whole other ball game now. I'm about to do a full U.S. tour and a European tour with my son and my mom and the band. So we'll see how it goes—this could be the last time I tour for a while, or this could be the beginning of a whole new awesome kind of touring.

Speaking of touring, your husband was a fan you met after a show, right?

[Laughs] Yup!

So, um, how does somebody go about picking up a rock star?

I don't know! I don't do shots, and somehow he got me to do shots that night. It was my birthday, and I don't even enjoy birthdays. I was at the merch table, and I was about to pack up my stuff, and we had the van loaded. He was like, "Come on, it's your birthday, you have to do a shot with me." Somewhere along the line I said yes, and that led to many shots, which led to dancing all night. He started coming out to shows, and... I guess he's just got a lot of personality. I just couldn't say no. ☺



Titanfall

ELECTRONIC ARTS (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360, PC)

It's a familiar scenario for any gamer old enough to operate a motor vehicle: You're trying to blow off steam with a quick *Call of Duty* battle when some pip-squeak starts fragging you five seconds after every respawn. It's enough to make you want to reach through the screen and squash the little punk! *Titanfall* gives you that opportunity. This futuristic online-only shooter evens the playing field with its fleet of Titans: 24-foot-tall robots that players can hijack when the going gets rough. *Titanfall*, an exclusive for Microsoft's systems, was developed by the original team behind the *Call of Duty* shooters (perhaps as an act of penance for *CoD*'s domination by the pimply and the unemployed). *Titanfall*, its makers claim, is a shooter for everybody.

Battles begin with the players—called Pilots—unleashed in sprawling, bombed-out cities on

a war-torn planet. Titans aren't available at the outset; instead, players blast one another with energy weapons for a set amount of time while zipping around the war zone using jet packs. Once the Titans are deployed (they actually fall from the sky), Pilots can climb aboard and access an arsenal of power-ups to pummel one another. The towering robots come in a variety of models, from the slow-and-brutish Ogre to the nimble-and-delicate Stryder. But while the Titans give players an advantage in firepower, they're not the be-all-and-end-all of battlefield hardware. Unlike their Pilots, Titans can't fly—or even jump. Nimble foot soldiers can hop aboard the hulls of enemy Titans and tear away armor plating to eject the Pilot forcibly. Which means that, even if some pip-squeak punk jacks your giant robot, you can still get some payback.



**DARK SOULS II**

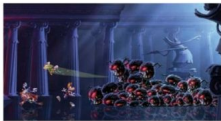
NAMCO BANDAI (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Death lurked around every corner in *Dark Souls*, 2011's diabolically difficult hack-and-slash fantasy, which became a hit with hard-core gamers who appreciated its punishing form of play. Good news for them: This sequel doesn't wimp out. Even run-of-the-mill enemies will whittle away your health bar and some return to life to take a surprise second attempt at your dismemberment. The starkly beautiful kingdom of medieval castles, haunted forests, and pitch-black dungeons is twice the size of the last game's world, although it's more accessible from the outset and offers alternate routes that bypass difficult enemies. Just don't get cocky. Save points are once again few and far between, turning every battle especially the over-the-top boss fights into a potential game-over scenario.

**THIEF**

SQUARE ENIX (XBOX ONE, XBOX 360, PS4, PS3, PC)

Don't bother buying this third-person adventure if you want to battle leagues of enemies or wield outrageous weapons. Like the previous installment in this classic series, *Thief* is about grand theft everything in a world where silence is golden. You once again play Garrett, the master thief, creeping through the shadows of an oppressively gothic town known simply as the City, on a quest for all that glitters. Wielding nothing but his bow and a blackjack, Garrett disposes of guards with a minimum of ruckus and climbs any surface with just a tilt of the joystick. The simplified control scheme makes Garrett jump, duck, and climb automatically, leaving you free to find the stealthiest routes through the sewers or across rooftops into mansions and castles.

**RAYMAN LEGENDS**

UBISOFT (XBOX ONE, PS4)

Everybody loves Rayman, the limbless star of this series throwback to the days when game worlds were two-dimensional and game heroes were built from dozens of sprites instead of thousands of polygons (think *Super Mario Bros.* except more... French). Once again, up to four players cooperate to clear old-fashioned, side-scrolling levels that look as if they're straight out of an oil painting. New musical and rhythm-based stages complement the traditional hop-and-bop gameplay, which has been spiffed-up for the next-gen consoles. The Xbox One version includes ten exclusive challenges, while the PlayStation 4 incarnation makes use of that system's special touchpad. **A-**



World Builders

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**HORIZON**

ICEBERG INTERACTIVE (PC)

Trek to the stars as an ambassador for all mankind in this game of intergalactic exploration, then engage in strategy-based space battles when diplomacy fails.

**DUNGEON KEEPER**

ELECTRONIC ARTS (IPHONE, IPAD, ANDROID DEVICES)

This subterranean strategy game flips the script on standard adventures, casting you as the evil dungeon master in charge of placing traps and monsters to stymie would-be heroes who come to claim your gold.

**TROVE**

TRION WORLDS (PC)

Anyone who's wasted a few hundred hours building their own casa, castle, or even metropolis in *Minecraft* will appreciate the construction options of *Trove*—a similar experience, but with dungeons and quests. **A-**

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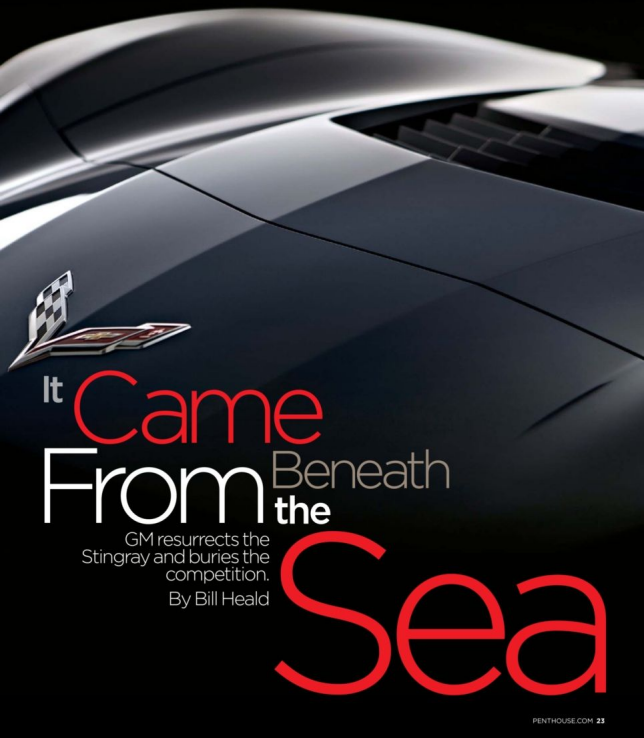
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It **Came**
From Beneath
the

GM resurrects the
Stingray and buries the
competition.

By Bill Heald

Sea

You can easily ruin an Icon if you give a new product a respected name from the past and it doesn't live up to the allure of the original. The Corvette Stingray was a timeless sports car—a beautifully sculpted machine that delivered on its hot appearance with outstanding performance.



Slide behind the wheel of the all-new Stingray and you ponder the heavy burden such a legendary nameplate imparts. Concerns of being crushed by the past disappear, though, as you discover an amazing creature that's both muscular and lithe. It's fashioned of exotic components like advanced aluminum alloys in the frame, and carbon-fiber and carbon-nano composites in the seductive, aerodynamic body. Better yet, there's a ravenous beast under the hood. Hit the starter button (funny how this throwback to the past is now a high-tech alternative to key starting) and the 6.2-liter LT1 V-8 engine rumbles to life with a lumpy idle, advertising that it's the most powerful standard Corvette

model in history. The traditional rear-drive layout achieves 50/50 weight distribution, and the ground-pounding horsepower is channeled through either a seven-speed manual or a six-speed automatic gearbox with a paddle-shift manual mode.

Heading out to some of our favorite blacktop proves that the Stingray manages to feel both agile and substantial at the same time, aided by the classic Corvette transverse leaf spring (composed of a very modern composite, of course) on both front and rear suspensions, to tame the road without rattling your fillings. The shock valving benefits from GM's Z51 Performance Package, which includes stout Bilstein dampers that, like the electric power



steering, deliver both exemplary feedback and control. Damn near all of the go-fast stuff is adjustable, courtesy of a dial near the shifter that lets you access Touring, Weather (designed for added confidence in rain and snow), Eco, Sport, and Track modes. These settings tweak a dozen different performance parameters, including everything from traction management to steering assist, and even the electronic gauge cluster is altered to suit your mode setting. One of the great things about flat-screen image technology is the ability to modify the input to the driver to maximize (or minimize) the information available. Oh, and let's not forget the color head-up display that projects vital stats onto the windshield so you can keep your eyes glued to the road.

You learn how well all the black-box sorcery has been calibrated when you toss the (in our case, Torch Red) beast into a set of tight, bumpy corners and thunder through the last apex, sliding the rear end out just a bit as the traction control kicks in. The software responds at just the right time to prevent ugliness, without spoiling the fun. Touring is the default driving mode, and honestly it was our favorite in terms of overall

response. Pushing the coupe to the aggressive side of the equation proves that the Stingray's balanced weight distribution (as much as all the electronic driving-management technology) is responsible for this seventh-generation icon's impeccable road manners.

The new Corvette feels more compact than before, with a cozy cabin and seats that support and cradle your body in a firm but accommodating way. For those times when you're stuck in urban congestion, the Bose sound system provides excellent entertainment. There are basically speakers everywhere (ten in total), so when the traffic's inert you can do your own jammin' to ease the pain. You can also pop off the carbon-fiber roof panel for some open air, or opt for the ragtop convertible version. Feature content is excellent, but I initially thought the absence of a rear camera on our tester was an oversight, given the lack of rearward visibility from the aggressive roofline. Maybe it wasn't overlooked: Everywhere the car was parked it attracted so much attention there were plenty of spotters on hand to help us back up without running over any kids or small animals. Subtle, it is not. **4**



SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Two-door coupe
Engine	6.2-liter V-8
Power	455 horsepower; 460 with performance exhaust
Torque	460 foot-pounds; 465 with performance exhaust
Transmission	Six-speed automatic
Front tires	245/35 ZR19
Rear tires	285/30 ZR20
Curb weight	3,298 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	4.17 seconds
Top speed	185 mph (GM estimate)
Fuel capacity	18.5 gallons
EPA mpg	16 city/28 highway
Base price	\$68,530; convertible: \$56,995



VZ IS FOR VISUAL SURPRISE

Honda pulls a rabbit out of its helmet. • By Bill Heald





If there's a company that follows the personality of its founder, it has to be Honda. The incredible Mr. H in so many ways laid the groundwork for the proliferation of innovative cars and motorcycles that blend quality, performance, and durability in ways that are still evident today. But on the two-wheeled side, where designers and engineers get to practice their art more freely, the company that bears his name has often been seen as a bit conservative on the styling front, especially in motorcycles aimed at long-haul travel. But like its founder, Honda Motor Company is full of surprises and, from time to time, launches a product that isn't afraid to dramatically break new ground.

Behold, the all-new CTX1300. This striking machine is an innovative mix of popular motorcycle genres, and a bold new way of using one of the company's signature engines: the 90-degree V-4. This smooth, versatile engine design has been used in everything from factory race




bikes to cruisers, but the CTX1300 is quite unique and the first time this particular configuration has been used in a cruising-tourer application. The 1,261-cc engine is mounted transversely in the frame, which makes it a stablemate to Honda's ST1300 Sport Tourer, as does its five-speed transmission and shaft final drive. This engine placement not only makes the V-4 visually more appealing but also less difficult to service, as the cylinder heads are much easier to access compared to a longitudinally mounted configuration.

But while this engine is found in both bikes, they go their separate ways from there, with the CTX getting the cruiser treatment, with a longer wheelbase and a lower seat height compared to the ST. The 5.1-gallon fuel tank is mounted under the seat for better mass centralization, and therefore helps make the 724-pound machine nimbler in tight quarters and more stable at high speeds. A brace of hard saddlebags lets you haul your tux and party shoes,



your Rolex collection, or wine and cheese for a picnic with that special hottess you've been dying to take on an escape from the city. A stylish fairing and shorty windshield not only complement the bike's lines, but provide wind and weather protection, and with the Deluxe model you get an audio package with a Bluetooth interface, ABS brakes, traction control, self-canceling turn signals, and some blacked-out trim elements.

Like all cruisers, the CTX is designed for you to add your own special touches to suit your personal tastes and requirements. Honda has created a substantial accessory catalog, and when you use bolt-ons that come from the company that built the bike in the first place, you know everything is designed to work perfectly with your CTX and complement its styling. These include a rear trunk, heated grips, a taller windscreen, a 12-volt accessory socket, and a treasure trove of chrome trim pieces to add some bling to this already cool, classy ride. 

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled, 90-degree V-4
Bore x stroke	78mm x 66mm
Displacement	1,261 cc
Fuel system	Programmed fuel injection
Ignition	Computer controlled with 3-D mapping
Transmission	Five speed
Front suspension	45mm male slider forks
Rear suspension	Twin rear shocks, preload adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 310mm discs, ABS (deluxe version)
Rear brake	Single 315mm disc with Combined Braking System, ABS (Deluxe version)
Front tire	130/70-R18
Rear tire	200/50-R17
Fuel tank	5.1-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	64.5 inches
Seat height	29.1 inches
Curb weight	724.2 pounds; Deluxe: 731.4 pounds
Base price	\$15,999; Deluxe: \$17,499



SIMPLY BRILLIANT

Seven basic gadgets with brains.

By Crispin Boyer



■ Move M

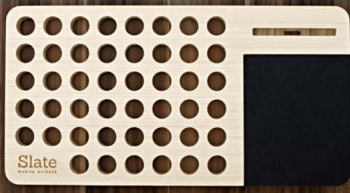
NudeAudio • \$70

If simple really is better, then this compact speaker must be the best thing ever. One of four introductory music streamers from San Francisco-based NudeAudio, the M is ultra-portable (thanks to its pocketable size and nylon leash), with clean sound in a boxy form that's easy on both the eyes and fingers. It connects to your player of choice via Bluetooth 3.0, and has a range of about 30 feet. Three other versions are available in various sizes (small, medium, and large), with the biggest delivering room-filling sound (its price: \$100). All four Move speakers offer eight hours' battery life.

■ Zepp 3D Multi-Sport Motion SensorNest

Zepp Labs • \$150

Like Wii Sports for real life, this thumbnail-size sensor attaches to any baseball bat, golf club, or tennis racket and transmits your swing statistics in real time to your Apple or Android smartphone. Stick the Zepp on a bat, for instance, and it will track bat speed and angles of impact. Golf mode records everything from hip rotation to backswing position. The Tennis app monitors shot type, power, and spin. The app analyzes this data and offers performance-enhancing tips, advanced coaching, and drills that work on your weaknesses. Replay every swing in 360 degrees and compare it to pros and pals.



■ Slate Mobile AirDesk iSkeller Products • \$98

The local coffee shop is no longer your sole refuge from the office cubicle. The Slate Mobile AirDesk lets you take your office to any car seat, recliner, couch, or deck chair. It's a lightweight bamboo lap board with a built-in mouse pad, so you're not stuck using your laptop's jittery trackpad to get real work done. Holes bored through the bamboo save your laptop from meltdown, while the wood itself is a natural heat sink to cool your crotch. The mouse pad also works as a counterbalance for laptops up to 17 inches, helping to prevent the whole rig from tumbling off your lap. A 5.5-inch phone/mini-tablet dock above the mouse pad completes the lap-based office experience.



■ Singing Machine Home Singing Machine • \$299 (requires subscription)

Give your girlfriend the perfect post-Valentine's gift. She can belt out all the karaoke tunes her vocal cords can handle without the embarrassment of bar hecklers or the repeated expense of renting a private room in Japantown—or Koreatown or Chinatown or.... Just plug this into her TV via HDMI and connect it to her wireless network. It links to the Singing Machine service for more than 8,000 streaming karaoke videos (for a fee of \$5 per 48 hours, \$15 per month, or \$75 per year). The remote is the microphone, and the entire system does double duty as a wireless Bluetooth speaker with 21 omnidirectional sound. She can even record her performances and post them on Facebook—if she's up for braving hecklers in the comments section.

■ Nimbus personal dashboard Quirky • \$130

This gizmo quantifies your digital life with four analog dials inspired by the gauges in old-school muscle cars. Once it's linked to your Apple or Android smartphone via Wi-Fi and set up through the app, it keeps real-time tabs on time, email volume, fitness goals, weather info (temperature, barometric pressure, etc.), Facebook "Likes," traffic congestion, etc., with other types of personal data being added all the time. Simple text tags appear beneath each dial to let you know what you're looking at. Stick the Nimbus on your bedside table for a summary of your day first thing in the morning—or just to use as a fancy alarm clock. **OH—**



■ Adorne pop-out outlet Legrand • \$48

Electrical outlets are hardly a gadget worth getting excited about, but the Adorne might get you all charged up. It replaces any power outlet with a retractable one that's hidden when not in use. Simply jab the outside surface with your finger to pop open the outlet, which has three plugs along the top and sides. You don't need to be an electrician to install the Adorne, either. Just shut down the breaker, remove the old outlet, and wire up the new one by following the simple directions.



■ Phantom 2 Vision quadcopter DJI • \$1,399

This pricey "toy" is the most feature-packed of the camera-equipped quadcopters. Its camera alone, with its anti-vibration mount (and optional gimbal) that stabilizes the image as it beams real-time 1,080p video to your smartphone, probably could pass Defense Department muster. Your phone attaches to the easy-to-use controller, providing an eagle-eye view. A GPS-enhanced auto-pilot locks your altitude so you can snap selfies from almost 1,000 feet (its maximum range). It'll automatically return to its takeoff spot if it drifts out of range or runs low on batteries, which deliver 25 minutes of spy time.

REPEAT OFFENDER

Our twenty-first-century rogue says, If you can't learn how to stop making the same mistake, at least learn to keep it to yourself.

Illustration by Celia Calle



I'm a 27-year-old single guy with a slight problem: The last four women I've slept with all dated one of my friends first. I've never actively pursued any of these women. I swear, it's just been odd circumstances and luck.

The first girl I've known since college, when she began dating my roommate; we've all hung out too many times to count. They broke up after almost seven years. Three weeks after the breakup, we sat at the same table at a wedding and ended up in bed together. The second and third women both dated the same friend. Girl No. 2 works out at my gym, and after we took the same spin class, we had sweaty but mind-blowing sex in my car.

Girl No. 3 only dated my friend a few times. We work in the same office complex, and I highly recommend no-strings-attached sex in the middle of an empty office suite. The last woman emailed me randomly till one night she came over, spent the night, and insisted on anal sex.

I haven't told any of my friends because I feel guilty, even though none of them were dating the women at the time. I don't want them thinking I hatched some grand plan to swoop in and grab their discarded vagina. I also don't want them feeling odd introducing me to women they date. Should I get it all out in the open or keep my mouth shut?

I am imagining this scene: You're at a bar with your three friends. It's like an outtake from *The Big Bang Theory* with better-looking but substantially dumber guys. You've bought the table a round of drinks and you drop the hammer before they drain their bottles. "I slept with your ex. Yeah, yours, too.... Don't laugh at those guys, pal. I nailed your ex, too." A big bang theory indeed.

First, let's discuss the reasons you got laid. It's not like your cock is suddenly a magic wand casting spells on your buddies' exes. The first girl is just a matter of being in the right place at the right time, and being the slightly right guy. She's fresh off a relationship of seven years that she probably thought would end with a wedding. Now the relationship went south, she's at a wedding, the emotions and booze are flowing. She picked the closest and safest dude to spend the night with.

The other women could've had hidden agendas. Maybe one wants the ex to find out she fucked you, or one was interested in you while dating your buddy, or—sit down for this shit—sometimes women are just as fucking horny and opportunistic as dudes. They want to get laid, and you're that friend of her ex's who seemed like an okay guy. Your dick suits her needs.

If you'd come to the Scoundrel for advice after screwing one of the short-term girlfriends, I might have said fess up. Now that you're four-deep into this, shut the fuck up. Telling three friends that you fucked their exes is like a bad prank show or an early April Fool's stunt. On

BLACK

Who turned on the lights? Stouts are shedding their dark hues, yet retaining the same roasty, chocolaty flavors you crave.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

OUT

Last spring, I was fortunate enough to get good and drunk at Los Angeles's Angel City, an Art Deco-styled, graffiti-adorned brewery in downtown's Arts District. Angel City has been around for more than 15 years, but it's undergone a recent reboot thanks to Alan Newman'sAlchemy & Science, a division of Boston Beer Company—you know, the makers of Sam Adams.

Alchemy bought the whole shebang, then it set about freshening Angel's ales and lagers, installing as brewmaster a whirling dervish named Dieter Foerstner, formerly of Tempe, Arizona's Gordon Biersch. The curly redhead pairs Tasmanian devil energy with an unbridled innovative streak. "You've just got to try this beer," he said, pouring me a sample of French Sip, an aromatic, beef sandwich-inspired brown ale seasoned with rosemary, peppercorns, sea salt, and umami-rich seaweed. Next, I tried the fruity, lightly citrusy Eureka! Wit before guzzling the grapefruit-driven Argemone IPA. It was a marvelously modern American IPA, a familiar flavor. The next beer was foreign: White Nite poured out a hazy gold with a handsome white head, a hue that screams unfiltered pilsner or kölsch.

"What do you think it is?" Foerstner asked. His grin unzipped from ear to ear. I sniffed—coffee, chocolate. I tasted—biscuits, cream, more java and cocoa. A stout? But stouts can't be light, right?

"It's a golden stout," Foerstner revealed, the first time I'd heard whisper of the hybridized style. In a simpler brewing era, you could judge a beer by its color. Stouts and porters mimicked midnight, while pilsners were grain-field gold. But as the craft-beer scene evolves, brewers have begun screwing with the Pantone scale. Blonde and amber India pale ales now accompany bitter compatriots that are ghostly white, lipstick-red, or as black as tar. Thanks to the addition of fruits such as key limes, strawberries, rhubarb, and passion fruit, classically tart and pale Berliner weisses are now sold by the rainbow. And to this list of chameleonic styles we must now add white, or golden, stout.

Stouts receive their roasty, chocolaty complexity and lights-out tint from the addition of generously roasted malts. Subtract dark malts and you'll lose both hue and trademark flavor profile. For Gabe Hopkins, the brewmaster for Wisconsin's JP's Craft Beer, that was a particular puzzle when crafting the straw-yellow Casper White Stout. "Our challenge was to make it as pale as possible," Hopkins says. "That means we cannot use black roasted malts in the brew. Instead, we age the beer for two weeks with coffee beans and cacao nibs to create the classic stout roasted character."

Angel City's brewmaster echoes Hopkins' sentiment. "The most difficult aspect of brewing a white



stout is to get those beautiful roasted characteristics without using roasted malt," says Foerstner, who also ages his beer on espresso beans and cacao nibs. "We utilize highly kilned malts in the beer, but we process it in such a way that we're able to extract the flavor notes without the color."

Across the country, you'll find breweries turning to the lighter side of stouts. So this St. Patrick's Day, drop that Guinness pint and try Denver-based Renegade Brewing's nutty, roasty Silas, which receives its smoothness from the addition of oats. In Anaheim, California, Noble Ale Works doses its Naughty Sauce with locally roasted java, as does Portland, Oregon's Cascade with its Oblique Black and White Coffee Stout. Instead of in March, Massachusetts-based Night Shift Brewing typically releases Snow—flavored with freshly roasted Ethiopian coffee beans—in May, when the weather starts turning warm.

It's a conundrum, much like your first sip of white stout. "The most common reaction people have when trying White Nite is a look of befuddlement, quickly followed by a big smile," says Angel City's Foerstner. "The beer breaks people's misconceived notions of what a pale or blonde beer should taste like. I've long said, 'Don't judge a beer by its color,' and this beer is a great example of why that statement is true." —JM





laid-back charm

When we introduced you to 23-year-old Hayden Hawken, our June 2013 Pet of the Month, we knew the 37-26-34 blonde was destined for greatness. We're happy to help the girl-girl porn star take the next giant leap in her career by naming her our 2014 Pet of the Year Runner-Up.


Photographs by Cisco Lamessi




"I'm so excited to have been chosen Pet of the Year Runner-Up! It was a thrill to be selected Pet of the Month, and I never even dreamed that this could happen to a quiet girl from Kansas."







I can't wait to find out
what you all have in mind for
me. I'm looking forward
to shooting more scenes,
going to *Penthouse* events,
meeting *Penthouse* fans,
and, well, just all of it!



The most remarkable sexual experience I've ever had was a shoot with [November 2011 Pet of the Month] Malena Morgan. It was so passionate! And then we dated a couple of weeks later.






There are a few situations where I'd be likely to have sex with a stranger, besides shooting a scene, of course: if I hadn't gotten any in a long time, if the stranger was famous, or if it was a once-in-a-lifetime experience.







"The most exciting place I've ever made love
is in a dressing room at Bloomingdale's.
Of course, I'm only 23. I've got a whole lot of
outrageous sex in my future!"

SEE MORE OF HAYDEN AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



AX Wheel Men

Introducing the unique sport of unicycle hockey, which has been around for much longer than you think.

By Noah Davis

Twice a week for an hour at a time, Barry Gates practices with his men's-league hockey team. The 48-year-old and his pals work on their stickhandling skills, their strategy, and their shooting.

Oh, and their cycling. Sorry, make that their *unicycling*. They work on that, too.

Gates is a member of the Southampton Penguins, one of 11 teams in the U.K. Unicycle Hockey League, and he's also one of the unique sport's biggest advocates. He loves the game. When asked what makes a great unicycle-hockey player, he says, "I think you'll find that they have bloody-mindedness and determination. You don't have to be a fantastic athlete. It does help, but you don't have to be particularly team-sport-minded."

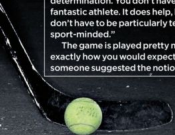
The game is played pretty much exactly how you would expect—if someone suggested the notion

in the first place, that is. Like ice hockey, unicycle hockey is fast and chaotic, relying on a method of transportation that makes stopping and starting difficult. Each team has four players and a goalie, all of whom ride on unicycles—typically one of three types: the Nimbus Club, the QU-AX Profi, or the Nimbus Equinox. (Yes, they do sound very much like the Quidditch brooms from *Harry Potter*.) They sail around a gym, chasing a tennis ball. (From a lovingly written FAQ by Gates: "In the past an old ball with less bounce has been used, nowadays we use a new ball as it's generally brighter.") Wheel diameter is typically 20 inches, although anything between one foot and two feet is acceptable. In general, a smaller wheel will result in a lower top speed but increased maneuverability. Larger wheels are faster and better for blocking the goal, but harder to reposition.

Upon gaining possession of the bright ball, a player can pass to his teammates or shoot. Types of shots include the standing shot, the

running shot, the forehand slap, the forehand push shot, the forehand flick shot, the drop shot, the volley, and the backhand. (I don't think ice hockey demands such a wide array of techniques to master.) On the U.K. Unicycle Hockey League's website, Gates has posted descriptions of each shot and the techniques for executing them. (His first rule of shooting, as well as his third: "Look at the ball." Gotta like this guy Gates.)

And then there's the whole riding-the-unicycle thing. Not a problem, according to Gates. "We all started as rubbish unicyclists, and we got to be really good playing the game. I could barely ride the blooming thing when I started," he says. "Eventually, you never even notice you are riding a unicycle. When you come off at the end of the game you can't remember peddling it or riding it, and that's how the game should be played. You shouldn't be thinking about what's going on with the wheel. It should be





Players tend to ride the Nimbus Club, the QU-AX Profi, or the Nimbus Equinox. (Yes, they sound like Quidditch brooms from *Harry Potter*.)



inside your brain, like your foot is an extension of your leg.

Right.

The U.K. isn't the only country with a booming unicycle-hockey league. The game started in Germany during the 1920s (that's right), and there are more than 50 teams there today. An Englishman working on the Bayer stadium in Leverkusen in the mid-1980s played the game while he was in country and brought it home with him. He started a league that continues today. The London LUNis, the Horsham HuHas, and a team from Cardiff, Wales, are perennial powerhouses. Trash talk is not unknown, though it tends to be paradoxically self-deprecating: Despite being backward in weather, the Welsh are leading the way when it comes to a thriving unicycle-hockey

community, a site dedicated to the Cardiff team boasts (sort of).

The U.K. crew frequently travels to Germany to participate in tournaments. Australia, Denmark, France, Hong Kong, South Korea, and Singapore all have unicycle-hockey teams, although the skill varies dramatically from country to country. In many Eastern nations, the game remains in its embryonic stages and needs more dedicated talent to truly become viable on the world stage. While Australia won the South Korea hosted Asia Pacific Unicycle Hockey Championship in 2011, Gates wasn't too impressed with the level of the game on that side of the world. We thrashed them, he says proudly.

The U.K. teams, which are made up of players who live in a society obsessed with the tactics of soccer,

develop styles that suit their skill sets. Some players thrive in a defensive-holding role, ready to break out with a lightning-quick counterattack when the ball turns over. Other men can drag the ball through opposition, using quick, deft touches to subvert the defensive attempts. Still others, borrowing a page from the rugby playbook, bully their way through the opposition lines. One trait will set a player apart: the willingness to try a few things and risk it, Gates says.

You're probably going to get [the ball] back even if you just lost it. That's how the game works.

Therein lies the appeal of unicycle hockey. Owing to the small size of the surface, and the low number of players, the ball always comes back to you. It's a rewarding game; one that's easy to learn, easy to understand, and easy to improve in. It's quick and fun and more than a little ridiculous

impossible to take too seriously, but there is skill involved, and it's a good workout for people of any age. Gates can keep up with much younger men, as can the man 12 years his senior who plays in the league. There are a few teenagers in the U.K. ranks as well, safeguarding the future of unicycle hockey.

It won't ever be huge, and Gates and company aren't about to petition the International Olympic Committee to include it in the Games, but unicycle hockey is here to stay—as is any sport that's been around for nearly a century and has its own international federation (the IUF, of course). You can compete at a high level and go to international tournaments in Germany and elsewhere, or you can stay local and play in a recreational league.

Chances are, the pub's just around the corner either way. **ON**



You shouldn't be thinking about what's going on with the wheel. It should be inside your brain, like your foot is an extension of your leg.



RANCH UNDRESSING

Las Vegas may truly be an "adult Disneyland," what with its 24-hour supply of gambling, booze, and seminude showgirls. But the real "Sin City" is Dennis Hof's "World-Famous Bunny Ranch" brothel empire—an entertainment mecca that provides what Vegas can't: legal sex.

By Bob Johnson

At the Moonlite Bunny Ranch, there are no giant neon signs beckoning would-be clients into a world of every imaginable sexual pleasure—everything from straight fucking to kinky BDSM play, threesomes, and sometimes orgies with adventurous top-name celebrities. And you won't find the girls of every shape, size, color, and ethnicity hanging out on the ranch's front porch. But rest assured, they're there for the taking behind the pseudo-posh walls, nearly naked, ready for work, doctor-tested, and as professional as Navy SEALs at their craft. They don't judge or discriminate (Ranch honchos call it a "rejection-free" zone), and they're always ready to lay their bodies down with only one goal: pleasuring their clients—whether it be a "Rent-A-Valentine" romp to celebrate the holiday of love, or just any old Wednesday night.



R

Ranch owner Dennis Hof, who proudly says he's "fucked 4,000 hot asses" who've worked the ranches, tells *Penthouse* that he offers a legal alternative to the stereotypical idea of a prostitute. More than 600 girls are on his roster, in 155 rooms that make up his wicked wonderland of the main Moonlite Bunny Ranch, the Love Ranch, the Sagebrush Ranch, and the under-renovation Kit Kat-ranch compound. The mega-brothel business also has 55 rooms at the Alien Cathouse and Love Ranch Cathouse, with girls ready to give up the goods, unlike the "show but don't touch" flesh available on the Strip.

But the average sex-seeker has to keep a sharp eye peeled for roadside indicators that herald the centerpiece Bunny Ranch whorehouse, the jewel of the \$25 million prostitution mecca that, in addition to the three currently active brothels, offers a strip club and the soon-to-be-announced Bunny Ranch Bar & Cigar restaurant. A virtual American red-light district, all the elements in walking distance of one another, Hof's hedonistic world of ranches doesn't seem to fit in the dusty setting, with wild horses mooseying up to the front gates and tumbleweeds—yes, tumbleweeds—blowing just outside the windows where hundreds of girls are also blowing, 24 hours, seven days a week.

Hof's modern creation of prostitution (he owns seven legal brothel licenses—the most in the country's history) not only offers clients sex, but the ranches themselves have become go-to party destinations for celebrities, rockers, rappers, and business titans like L.A. Lakers executive Johnny Buss; Joey Buttafuoco; rockers ZZ Top, Vince Neil, and Tommy Lee; Liberace lover Scott Thorson, and more, who can often be seen rubbing elbows with your average guy-next-door. Canadians can soon look forward to the same privileges. Following a Supreme Court ruling making antiprostitution laws unconstitutional in Canada, Hof is scouting locations in Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver.

At Hof's gala toga-party birthday celebration in late September, the Lakers' Buss, porn legend Ron Jeremy, *American Gladiators* star Hollywood Yates, outrageous entertainer Bob Zmuda, and others were all partying alongside the working girls and hundreds of other exclusive guests and personal friends of Hof's, who was befittingly garbed as the Caesar of his Empire of Flesh. Half-naked working girls made up the bulk of the "talent"

show that greeted revelers at a party that was the closest one could get to a twenty-first-century bacchanal, replete with body painting, risqué lounge acts, booze, and of course the occasional trip behind closed doors by randy guests.

Since gaining fame and infamy with the airing of the HBO series *Cathouse*, which has been consistently running worldwide for nearly a decade, Hof's empire is becoming synonymous with a new, mainstream appreciation and acceptance of adult entertainment. The newfound popularity of legal brothels is an especially relevant sexual kick for a generation that has been saturated with every kind of porn one could imagine. Even "reality" porn has become commonplace. What makes the Bunny Ranch appealing is that it's not "reality-based"—it's real, with live bodies and sex. Clients can often have sex with the stars of their porn fantasies; past working girl porn stars have included Sunny Lane, Sunset Thomas, Chasey Lain, Rayveness, Teri Weigel, Alexandra Silk, and more. Hof's efforts to recruit adult performers from Porn Valley recently resulted in adult star Serena Marcus accepting his \$1,000 sign-on fee for any porn star willing to defect and become a condom-only "porn-ststitute" at the Ranch.

The minute a potential client (they don't ever call them "Johns") arrives at the main Bunny Ranch house, he's buzzed in by whichever gatekeeper is on duty, usually the Ranch's "Hooker Booker" scheduler and financial manager, who sees the client from a network of security cameras. A series of frenetic bell rings alert the available girls that it's time to rush to the front door and

Choose Chanel, a 19-year-old blonde Latina who could be the star of a rock video. Or there's Morgan Michaels, whose smile and innocent banter belies a ravenous sexual appetite.

line up for the flesh inspection. In seconds, at least a dozen—sometimes 20 or more—girls dressed in lingerie, skimpy robes, or, if rushed, only a towel are presented to the client. Each girl smiles and introduces herself one by one. The smart ones make eye contact and angle their best body parts in the direction of their potential client. Full breasts, jutting ass cheeks, lusty legs, are all on display and ripe and ready for the taking.

Choose Chanel, a 19-year-old blonde Latina, and you'll have sex with a long-legged beauty who could be the star of a rock video. Or, if your tastes run to the cheerleader type, there's Morgan Michaels, whose sweet smile and innocent banter belies a ravenous sexual appetite that comes out when her bedroom door is shut.

All the sex a person could want is here ... at a price. There's no dollar amount on the printed "menus" describing available services, but the average "party" costs anywhere from \$500 to \$1,000 per session, with



Morgan Michaels



ALL PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE MODULITE BUNNY RANCH

a loose time limit that depends on how quickly the sex "comes" to an end. Most girls earn double that amount—especially if the party includes anal sex or anything aside from a regular blowjob and straight intercourse. According to the Ranch's director of media operations (and former male madam), Marc Medoff, a top girl can easily earn the staggering amount of \$50,000 to \$100,000 in one day. Half of the earnings go to the Ranch, but that's still one kick-ass paycheck.

And the kinkier the sex, the better it is for some girls. Persia—a buxom Iranian girl from the sister Sagebrush facility, whose signature look is über-ample, DD-cup tits falling out of her bra—remembers a roughneck biker type who greeted her with a "you look like a fucking bitch" comment that signaled just what this guy was looking for. "He looked like a badass," she says, "but I knew that it was an act and what he really wanted was to be dominated, so I gave it right back to him, saying, 'You look like a little piece of shit. You'd be a good sex slave.'"

Persia was right. The biker would provoke her so he'd be punished, and she did her job, grabbing his dick and balls like a leash every time he entered her room. She says, "In our 'Fantasy Room,' I grabbed him by the throat and fainted him—you know, made him pass out for a while. I then slapped him awake and told him to shut the fuck up when he resisted, and said he was going to be in the room all night." A few thousand dollars later, the biker was ready to have sex. Persia says she never actually fucked him, but jerked him off. "He didn't come the first four times I tried. It wasn't about that. He wanted to have candle wax dripped on his balls, and a ball gag in his mouth while I sat on his face. It was all about submission, not gratification," Persia remembers.

Not all clients want to be roughed up. Most, according to the girls and the folks who run the pleasure palaces, want the "girlfriend experience" (GFE), where the client fulfills emotional and relationship needs missing from his everyday life. Of course there's sex, and plenty of it, but it acts more like cement bonding the girl and the client than a physical outlet.

Chanel says, "Here, guys can have a girl they couldn't get in real life." And although she would be considered a knockout in most circles, and earns plenty of money making love in her tricked-out Hello Kitty room, Medoff notes that it's not always the prettiest girls who are the best earners. "It's the girls who get into the guy's head who are the big money makers," he says.

But the first step is attracting the little head between the client's legs. Once a girl is chosen at the central Bunny Ranch, the client's ushered into the womblike anteroom, where music and TVs are constantly playing, and plush red-velvet chairs and couches line the walls.

Felix, a civil engineer from California who has been a Ranch regular since the seventies, lies on the floor of the main Ranch entryway after having sex with Caressa and Kendra Summers. He's now in public view, with the girls taking turns sitting on his face, as he captures the afterglow moment on his iPad. The veteran client echoes Chanel's take on the GFE: "You get the GFE here, and you don't have a wife yelling at you."

Not 20 feet away from the antics is the Bunny Bar, which serves every manner of booze, espresso, and cappuccino 24 hours a day, with at least one negligee-clad girl sitting on a stool entertaining visitors (they're not always clients). The Ranch welcomes those who just want to sit and jaw at the bar, and even offers guided tours.

Legendary working girl Air Force Amy, the grande dame of the Ranch—she's dubbed "the closer," and has a sign posted in the facility's dining room offering girls tips on how to make more money—ushered around what looked like a group of European tourists one evening as a group of six seminude girls jiggled their tits and asses in an impromptu line dance in the Bunny Ranch parlor. Unstaged sights like this are common attractions—

especially as the evening gets underway and clients ring in for some sex for sale. Girls just want to have fun, and the free flesh adds to the total Ranch experience while amping up the level of all-around horniness.

Once a girl is chosen, it's off to her bedroom (the girls sleep where they work), where negotiations take place that could include the type of sex, fantasy, or even just time to talk. Then it's off to the "Hooker Booker" to lock in the price and time, and the girl punches her time card.

Five-foot-nine, 22-year-old Summer Onyx, a University of Massachusetts alum who's been on the job for only three weeks, tells us the Ranch makes sure finances are settled before any action ensues. She averages \$2,000 to \$3,500 a day (the girls pay back \$25 a day for room and board if they don't meet a very low earning quota), so it's important to her to be sure the dollars are added up correctly. Right now she only offers straight sex, but she's considering adding anal to her repertoire so she can earn more money to pay for grad school to study clinical psychology.

Summer says her undergrad work in psychology helps her in her new job, especially with clients who are kinky. "I've had guys who wanted to be handcuffed and [have] group sex with three girls, and a married couple, so I put my psych experience to work," she says. And there are job perks. Summer says some of her partners actually get her off. "I like the foreplay and guys who take control. I like tall guys... musicians with tattoos, and bikers."

The Hooker Booker may be the shift gatekeeper, but it's Madam Suzette, the empire's general manager (who has been with Hof for 22 years, starting as a hostess and working her way up from bartending and cashiering to the top spot), who makes sure everything and everyone is always open for business.

Suzette (whose name graces Hof's adjoining Madam Suzette's Red Light Cabaret topless club) admits that most guys are intimidated when they walk into the Ranch and are greeted by 25 near-naked girls, but notes that it's an "exciting and exhilarating all-in-one experience." She says, "We change men's lives with sex acts and companionship. Men leave here with more self-confidence to face the world and in their own bedrooms. Some fathers have brought their sons here to put them on the right path."

The top madam (who was a lookout herself in the Ranch's earlier days) is Hof's biggest cheerleader, stressing that he single-handedly made brothels a legal business. The brothel king started in real estate time-shares, and describes the hooker game as selling real estate, just in smaller properties. "It's time-share real estate at its best," Hof quips.

Some guys leave the premises and take girls on dates to places like Vegas or nearby Lake Tahoe, while others have the girls dispatched to their homes. Suzette recalls one Christmas day when an older man came into the Bunny Ranch and began what amounted to an incredible \$2.4 million spending spree that included parties, events, and belly-dancing shows at his home. "He had an inheritance and spent it on our girls until his family put a stop to it. But during that time he came alive," Suzette recalls.

Medoff adds that the ranches are places where clients can have it all. Girls are like actresses, playing out the exact role a man wants, he says. And while that means men can get hooked on the easy sex, it's the GFE that keeps them coming back for more. John, a client from Utah who is a regular of Bunny Ranch girl Amy Page's, says sex is just sex, but with Amy there's a connection and a feeling of intimacy. "She cuddles and kisses and makes me feel special," he reveals. He was married for 27 years and is now divorced—after getting busted when his wife found Amy's text messages on his phone. John now faces 14 years of alimony, but stresses that he didn't seek out a Ranch girl because he didn't love his wife. "It became a friendship between me and my wife for the past ten years. There was no emotional connection," he says. But that's all different with Amy, who was his date at Hof's birthday



Air Force Amy and Ron Jeremy

There's even a small area with a lounge chair that's a permanent homage to porn legend Ron Jeremy—Ron Jeremy's Penis Patio—where he takes his favorite girl when he visits.

gala. "Even if it's an act, I thank [Amy] for making me believe," he says. And that's the real drug—the idea that these girls are emotionally invested. But despite John's emotional attachment, Amy is all business with whoever pays the price.

Twenty-year-old Natalie Summers, a peaches-and-cream-skinned blonde with perky 34C boobs, self-described as a girl-next-door who's "naughty and nasty in the bedroom," ditched her job as a third-grade schoolteacher to start work at the Love Ranch, one of Hof's brothels north of Las Vegas. Natalie says she does kinky stuff because she loves sex, and the money is fantastic. She earns an average of \$3,600 for each party. She tells us, "I did strip clubs before, but this is much better. I have amazing experiences and meet amazing people."

Air Force Amy, the resident mentor and celebrity, who is a military veteran and 23-year resident at the Bunny Ranch (even before its international HBO fame), says Hof brought the business of prostitution from "guilt and shame to glamour and fame." Because of her tenure, the blonde, big-breasted, and MILFy but still very attractive working woman is one of the most popular part-timers at the Ranch, and says she can do whatever she wants. Amy has by far the nicest living quarters, and can choose her own 12-hour shift. Her 75 regular clients keep her well-paid. "I've had some clients for 15 or 20 years; they're part of my family," she says.

Describing herself as the "Michael Jordan of hooking," Amy is proud of her sex stunts, which include hanging upside down while giving a deep-throat blowjob, squirting from her pussy, and taking a cock in the ass—all at the same time! "I've studied the art



Amy Page



Six Shades and
Marc Medoff

of sex," she says. "When I was younger I couldn't find any good instruction, so I've educated myself. I've partied with just about every girl here, and no one can top my passion and tenderness. I can relate to all levels of sexual interests and am not at all judgmental," she says. That's good news for clients with "special needs," like the guy who couldn't get his dick hard without fucking his yellow dinosaur pool toy. "I'd discovered that he was a truck driver, and he was used to fucking latex dolls while on the road," Amy says. "So he carried around this pool toy because it was easier. We used it and everything was fine."

Amy emphasizes that a client's time is more important than her own. "The [clients] come out of my party with confidence. They never forget how they felt when they're with me," she says. And neither do their bank accounts. Amy's fees start at "four digits" and can go much, much higher, easily into six figures for a lengthy party. It's that kind of serious money that attracts some of the prettiest and most "promiscuous-positive" girls in the world.

Chief madam Suzette says she receives between 1,500 and 2,000 emails a month from would-be working girls seeking to start their careers at one of Hof's ranches. Although looks count, Suzette, like Medoff, says attitude is more important. "Girls have to have people skills. We have girls who aren't as attractive, but their game runs circles around some of the more gorgeous girls."

Of course, a younger look trumps just about everything. As in most states, a girl under 21 can't drink liquor legally, but in Nevada she can become a prostitute, and that's a marketing bonus for clients seeking to party with a younger girl. But the tender age can often pose a problem for girls who are naive about personal finance. Hof has that covered, too. The staff is always ready to coach a girl with financial questions. They're schooled on simple situations, like how much they have to pay back the ranch for room and board, as well as cleaning up their credit history and debt, and explaining the percentage of their earnings that the Ranch takes. This comfort zone is a big part of the Ranch's success. But not all of the ladies need money-management assistance. Hof says about half of the girls at the Ranch have some kind of college degree, and about a quarter of them have master's degrees. Hof says one of the reasons he bought the Ranch in 1992 (for \$700,000) was to change the deplorable working conditions he saw when he visited the old Moonlite Ranch back in the seventies. The Ranch now provides the most progressive working conditions in the brothel industry, including the elimination of old-school "lockdown" policies that forbade girls from leaving the premises. Hof's girls can come and go as they please. Medoff says this move has attracted a number of defectors from rivals.

Why have sex for money instead of a day job? Summer says she's been enthralled with the Ranch since she was a teenager watching *Cathouse*, and got accepted within 30 minutes of applying. And she likes sex. CeCe, a former account manager from Houston who stands over six feet tall in high heels, dumped her boring gig and never looked back. She says she was "really nervous" with her first client, but it beat the grind of account management. "I started with a massage," she tells us. "And then we had sex, so it was pretty easy. But since then I've had some kinky parties. The majority of clients I get are two girls and a guy. My first kinky client wanted me to be a dom. He asked me to put on the strap-on and do him with it. He was all heavy breathing, but he loved it, and that got me more comfortable with the unusual sex."

Hof's Shangri-la of sex houses, Bunny Land, is an open area behind the main Bunny Ranch with luxury VIP suites, a pool and hot tub, with a sign that reads: NO TOPS ALLOWED, BOTTOMS ARE OPTIONAL BUT FROWNED UPON. There's even a small area with a lounge chair that's a permanent homage to porn legend Ron Jeremy—"Ron Jeremy's Penis Patio"—where it's said he often takes his favorite girl when he visits.

And where there's (sex) business at the Ranch, there's



Morgan Michaels, Chanel, and Six Shades

pleasure, too. At Hof's bacchanal birthday bash, hundreds of toga-wearing guests, celebrities (including comedian Bob Zmuda, yelling "fuck you all, you assholes" while playing Andy Kaufman's Tony Clifton character), and seminude bunny babes filed into the private Bunny Ranch Bar & Cigar restaurant. The swanky club is due to open to the public once Hof's team settles on the right appeal to locals (Hof's first attempt at fine dining missed the mark with the mostly rural gentry).

Amid the raunchy "Tribute to Ass" opening talent-show act performed by a group of bare-assed, booty-shaking bunnies, hundreds of Hof's special guests mingled with flesh-jiggling girls as far as the eye could see. A Caesar-garbed Hof successfully resurrected Caligula as he glad-handed the revelers who had come to celebrate in pure hedonistic fashion, replete with samples of Ron Jeremy's signature rum. Some of the partyers were Ranch regulars, priming themselves for after-party sex with their favorite "dates."

But it's not only sex that's on the Ranch's menu. Former *American Gladiator* star Hollywood Yates, a personal friend of Hof's who regularly visits the Ranch when in town, came to pay tribute. Decked out in befitting Roman gladiator garb, Yates says the Ranch [and Hof] has changed the idea of brothels from the seedy places they used to be. "I see hundreds of people in my travels around the world who've seen the HBO show," Yates says. "It's a great place to hang out. It's like a family where everyone takes care of each other."

And although a guy can fulfill every possible sexual fantasy

Twenty-year-old Natalie Summers, self-described as a girl-next-door who's "naughty and nasty in the bedroom," ditched her job as a third-grade schoolteacher.

and indulge in every imaginable legal vice, the Ranch and all its properties are indeed the ultimate "man cave," where men can simply be men. You can often find—among the young, tight-bodied girls, booze, and upbeat music of the Bunny Ranch's parlor—83-year-old Hal Stone, once a noted New York City porn and entertainment figure who claims that he discovered Richard Pryor. Stone regularly comes to the Ranch from his Hollywood home just to hang out, party, and perhaps fantasize about sex with the girls.

For whatever reason, Stone loves the atmosphere, and says whenever he visits the Ranch he becomes a year younger. "It feels like a resort, not a brothel," he says, while perhaps giving the Ranch the ultimate endorsement. "I always tell Dennis [Hof] that I love the Ranch so much that I want to buy land ... and be buried right here." We can understand why. **On**



Six Shades

The Bunny Ranch girls will be visiting the penthouse in a new monthly column!

Our favorite ladies from the Moonlite Bunny Ranch are ready to deliver the raunch. Each month, one of the most popular girls at the Ranch will share her dirtiest stories with *Penthouse* readers, not to mention her sexy photos. And keep your eyes peeled for next month's inaugural column, starring Six Shades. There might just be a chance for one lucky reader to win a trip to the Ranch.



Amy Page

"I partied with a (famous) honeymoon couple one time who were really into strap-ons. He put on the strap-on dildo and jammed it inside me while I put one on and stuck it inside her—like a chain. Later, I went down on her while she sucked his cock. I usually start with the guy, but they wanted me to do the girl first. I ate her out, then she ate me out (using [dental] dams of course), and then we used a double-sided dildo and fucked each other, ass-to-ass and in a kind of a scissor position. During that session, one of us would suck his cock while the other sucked his finger. Yeah, he liked that, too."



Natalie Summers

Natalie told us about a 50-year-old client she had after being promoted to the central Bunny Ranch who also had a penchant for strap-ons—with a twist. Natalie says the guy wanted her to roleplay as a tenant who was late with the rent. "He wanted to play landlord—funny thing is, he really was a landlord—who would only let me stay in my apartment if I had sex with him. But this wasn't just ordinary sex. He would lick me from head to toe and then ask that I fuck him with a huge black dildo. Which I did. He would yell, 'Do me harder, make me cry, do me like a little dirty man.' I'd pull his hair and pinch his nipples, too."



Morgan Michaels

Even if you're not famous, you can party with the same girls as Ron Jeremy. A group of three obviously intimidated young men, none smiling, rang the bell and shuffled into the Ranch entryway one Saturday night to "inspect" the lineup and choose the evening's party girl. Roger chose fresh-faced Morgan, who immediately took him by the hand to her cozy room to discuss the details of their sex agreement. We asked Morgan how these negotiations might go when a client sits down with her to discuss the details.

What can a guy expect to get. You know, for sex?

Well, it's \$2,500 for full service—a handjob, blowjob, and straight fucking.

So if he didn't have much cash, could you make it less?

I can do 30 minutes for \$1,500 ... really the lowest I can do is \$1,000.

What if he wanted to ass-fuck you?

That would cost ... a lot. At least \$50,000.

Really?

Yup. I'm new back there.

What about you licking his ass?

That would be \$3,000 on top of the full service. We can try and work with what you'd want.

What about coming in your mouth?

Well, I can blow you with a condom for \$600, and then if you want to come while it's in my mouth, it would be \$800.

What went down behind closed doors apparently sealed the deal within Roger's budget, and Morgan ushered him off to visit the Hooker Booker to hash out the payment details, set the time, have Morgan sign a time sheet, and get towels for an after-sex shower.

In minutes, Roger and Morgan disappeared into her room. She did the routine visual check of his cock for any "irregularities," asked if he wanted an alcohol cleanup, and gave him a condom. About 15 minutes later, Roger emerged back in the main parlor, this time swaggering and smiling. Morgan did her job, and did it well.

"It was fun. He was real nice and he tipped me. We keep tips under \$75. The Ranch gets half that," she says. ☞





better red

Pet of the Month Bree Daniels appeared in our July/August 2010 issue as Bree Victoria, a pseudonym she continues to use, but that blonde nymph is now a fiery redhead. Naturally, the gorgeous Bree has *all* her assets on display, and we say she's never looked better.

Photographs by Mark Lit for Digital Desire



I'm really just a small-town girl who's always up for chilling at home. I like to watch TV with my cats, play roleplaying games and *Minecraft*, canoe, hike, read, and paint.









People who don't know me are surprised to find out that I'm somewhat introverted. I'd also describe myself as open and accepting, but don't piss me off. I get mean.








The most daring thing I've ever done is drive 150 miles an hour on a motorcycle. Well, maybe that's the stupidest thing I've ever done.



THE BIG RIP

A close-up portrait of a woman with long, wavy, reddish-brown hair and blue eyes. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is bright and out of focus, showing what appears to be a window with white curtains.

✦ BREE DANIELS
MARCH 2014 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





✿ BREE DANIELS
MARCH 2014 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



I can't say what the most exciting place is that I've made love. I'm more about the actual exciting sex than the location.



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The

ART of WAR

Veterans are using old uniforms as a medium for telling their stories, turning a traditional form of papermaking into a way to heal new wounds.

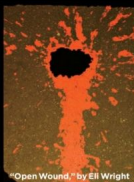
By Jennifer Peters



"Brik Wal," by Joe Hess



"Freedom Fighter," by Eli Wright



"Open Wound," by Eli Wright

"From its inception, the Combat Paper Project was about an exchange between veterans and civilians," Cameron explains. "It was a way to take down some of that warrior myth and erode that a little bit so people would think, *Hey, that could have been me.*"

At the time, Matott had never met anyone who'd been to Iraq or Afghanistan, but he learned about Cameron's service while they were making paper. That drove him to help Cameron get Combat Paper off the ground. Matott wanted others to be able to hear the new veterans' voices, and as an artist and papermaker, he saw the project as a good way to do that. "In the beginning," Matott says, "it was about using art as social action and getting individuals to express their voice so that we could educate communities about the veterans and their experiences. It was about what life was like while in the military. Then it increasingly became about what life had been like since the veterans came home."

During workshops, participants cut up their old uniforms into postage-stamp-size pieces before dumping them into a beater that turns the cloth into pulp. The pulp is spread out on screens to create sheets of paper, or packed into molds to make sculptures. The practice is based on the traditional art of Western papermaking, practiced for hundreds

When we have an uncensored opportunity to tell our stories ourselves, without

anything standing between us and the listener or viewer, that's the most pure way of getting the story out there, the most human way," Eli Wright says. That, he explains, is why the Combat Paper Project is so important. For Wright and a number of other veterans, art is the preferred method of sharing their stories, and Combat Paper—made from recycled military uniforms, frequently the artist's own—is the medium they use. Combat Paper can be turned into

pages in a book, a series of prints, or one-of-a-kind sculptures that allow veterans to share the stories of their military experience.

The project started in 2007, when Army veteran Drew Cameron and civilian artist Drew Matott came up with the idea of cutting up Cameron's uniform and turning it into paper as a form of public performance art. That idea never came to fruition, but Cameron was inspired and decided to deconstruct his uniform and turn it into paper pulp on his own. He shared the finished product with both Matott and other vets, and soon the Combat Paper Project was born.

of years, which utilizes rag and scrap material to make paper. Veterans who take part can use their own uniforms or ones that have been donated.

The only request Cameron and other Combat Paper coordinators have of participants is that they don't fetishize the uniforms—or the paper that's created from them. "I'm constantly giving away the paper and encouraging people to use it and abuse it, ask for more," Cameron says. "What I have fear over is somebody making 30 sheets of paper from a uniform and then it sits as a stack of paper on a bookshelf for five years. That crushes me. I want it to be written on and folded and torn up and given away."

Matott agrees, saying, "The last thing we want people to do is take their paper and put it back in the closet where they kept their uniforms. We want them to get it out and use it as a vehicle for further exchange with their community."

Participants frequently make books and journals, but Combat Paper has become known for unique pieces of art, which have been shown in galleries around the country in veterans' art shows, Combat Paper presentations, and as part of greater craft shows, such as in a recent exhibit at Los Angeles's Craft & Folk Art

Museum. And the art that's being shown is getting a reaction. "Open Wound," a high-contrast black-and-red image Wright produced during the early years of the Combat Paper Project, has elicited particularly visceral responses. "It was the first time that I recall specifically feeling an emotional response to creating something," Wright says. "It's a very simple, clear statement of trauma, so it gets a reaction from people. There's a lot of work that is in many ways better than that, but it's a lot more

subtle, so people don't quite get it."

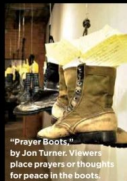
It doesn't matter to the artists if the viewers "get" their work, though, according to veteran Jon Turner. He's used American flags in some pieces and incorporated the statement "fuck war" into his work, which has resulted in his being called un-American and unpatriotic. "The good thing about this is, even if you piss somebody off with the artwork you're creating, you're still raising awareness," Turner says. "I think that for people to get angry at what I'm creating means



"Forgiving," by Jon Turner



"Purple Heart," by Jon Turner



"Prayer Boots," by Jon Turner. Viewers place prayers or thoughts for peace in the boots.



"Yellow Foot Prints," by Jon Turner



Ocean paper made by Jon Turner and Drew Cameron

that they're questioning their beliefs. I think that if you can get through the negative emotions, the anger and the fear, you can start to see that what is being portrayed is an emotion I felt at the time I made the piece, and that by making that piece I was able to move forward spiritually, emotionally, mentally, and physically."

Turner couldn't think of a better way to put his old combat fatigues to new use. "I had a trunk filled with all the uniforms I was getting ready to throw away, so I made paper with them," he says. "It seemed like a better thing to do with them than just throw them into a Dumpster or burn them."

Others veterans, like Jesse Albrecht, see the repurposing of their uniforms as their right. Albrecht had two uncles serve in Vietnam, a great-grandfather who was stationed in New Guinea, a great-uncle at Pearl Harbor, and another who served in World War I. But despite such a long family history of military service, he doesn't see cutting up his uniforms as an act of sacrilege. "I see it as respecting the freedoms my family fought for and paid the price for," Albrecht says. "I don't see it as



"Jesse Albrecht Once-Upon-a-Time David Dunlap," at the Hopey Changey Things show at the Bemis Center for Contemporary Art in Omaha, Nebraska



disrespectful. And of course it's deeper than that, because for me to physically break down the shit that I wore and was issued and then be able to remake it into paper, which is a blank slate for me, it's a powerful way to remake my experience."

Albrecht's idea of remaking his experience is one that has taken hold for a number of Combat Paper participants. And while founders Cameron and Matott never intended the project to focus on healing through art, they admit that many veterans find some catharsis in the act of papermaking. "As you're going through the process, all these emotions come up and you're working through the transformation of this physical thing, this uniform, but you're also transforming the energy and thoughts and emotions that are within you into something more positive," says Turner, who admits that his participation has always been based on the healing potential. "You get to watch this ugly piece of material transform into a broadside print or a journal or whatever, and at the same time you're watching all your fears and anger transform into peace and harmony. You can find real beauty within the whole process."

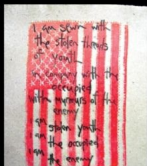
Wright, who helps run the Combat

Paper workshops at the Printmaking Center of New Jersey, agrees that the papermaking process offers a great deal of emotional release for participants, including himself, but as a workshop leader, he focuses on the community-building aspect. "For me personally, it's very therapeutic, and I do engage in it as a personal pursuit of art therapy," he says. "But I don't sell it as such because some veterans hear 'therapy' and run the other way. Because there is so much stigma about the healing arts within the military, we don't want to use that type of language and steer people away." Instead, Wright says, his chapter of Combat Paper prefers to focus on community-building, peer support, and providing a safe space for veterans to interact with one another and produce art.

Cameron, who has helped get Combat Paper started at four different paper mills across the country, says, "It's about what's important for those people. I want people to take from it what they want. Whatever the motivation is for that individual or group, that's totally fine with me. There's no one thing I want people to get out of it. I just want them to feel like their story matters and they can share it with others."



"Paperstack," the logo for the Combat Paper Press



"Stolen Youth," by Drew Cameron

Everyone involved wants veterans to have a safe space to tell their stories, whether it's to civilians or to other service members. Most of the artists interviewed became involved primarily because they were looking for people who would understand them and listen to them. "It's about the community," Albrecht explains. Combat Paper workshops "provide a space for people to deal with stuff on their own terms and not feel so isolated, which a lot of times is what happens when you're with people who aren't veterans or didn't serve."

Wright, who joined Combat Paper while still on active duty, used that community to help him transition back into civilian life. "A lot of my personal struggle has been the alienation and disconnect that has grown between myself and my family, my hometown, and my life before the war," Wright explains. "It's been really hard to maintain a connection to that life, and this, in some ways, filled those holes that were left, the open wounds from the war. This community fills in as a sort of extended family. We really look out for each other and take care of each other. Finding that I was able to speak and find a way for people to listen—I value that highly and I don't take that for granted."



Veterans "cutting rag"



Penthouse Club dancer Dylan



Jenna Rose and Angela Sommers flank Penthouse Club managing partner Joe Hall.



Penthouse Club dancer Isis



WINNING US OVER

Pittsburgh's new Penthouse Club offers low-key luxury, game-day debauchery, and the hottest girls in town. Looks like the City of Champions added another sure bet to its roster.

Pittsburgh folks are no strangers to victory—just look at those six Super Bowl wins, five World Series victories, and three Stanley Cups. We think it's pretty safe to say this city refuses to settle for second best, so when the Penthouse Club opened its doors in the Steel City, the owners made sure it was the best damn nightspot in the Burgh.

That was no small feat, considering Pittsburgh boasts a booming nightlife scene. For years, the city wasn't known for much more than its endless

away in a quiet warehouse district, just north of the Allegheny River. (It's located a block off Beaver Avenue; we couldn't have planned it better.) It's loaded with upscale amenities, but Pittsburgh's friendly, welcoming vibe is still in full force. The club hosts a happy hour every weekday, with free admission on Mondays for the city's service-industry workers. And since this is Steelers country, after all, football fans can stop by after games for wild post-tailgate parties. The club opens long before the sun sets, and there are plenty of reasons to stop by early: Watch your favorite teams on the ten high-def flat-screen TVs, check out the Key Girls performing on three separate stages, and find a new favorite drink from the bar's impressive selection (mango beer or caramel-apple vodka, anyone?).


At the recent grand-opening party, 2012 Pet of the Year Jenna Rose and 2013 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Angela Sommers were on hand to greet guests and sign autographs,

expanses of factories, warehouses, and industrial parks. But in recent years, tourists have discovered the city's many charms: cool architecture, an eclectic foodie scene, and unique museums (like the room-size art installations at the city's Mattress Factory museum). Industrial districts like South Side and the Strip have transformed into thriving hot spots packed with vintage stores, coffee shops, and late-night eateries. And sure, you can stop by one of the trendy breweries or visit some of the more than 400 bridges that cross the city's rivers and ravines, but we know of a much better place to grab a beer and enjoy some stunning scenery. The Penthouse Club is tucked

and the club's sexy Key Girls kept the party rocking until 2 A.M. If you missed the kickoff, don't worry — on any given day, you can find the hottest dancers in Pittsburgh performing. When you're in town, or even when you're not, check the club's frequently updated Facebook page to see what's going on: steamy duo shows, a wild

theme party, a pregame drink special.

Of course, you can always plan your own bash; the club offers three levels of sexy service. Silver and Platinum Key party packages include admission, private seating, a bottle of liquor, and a VIP hostess. If you really want to impress your crew, the Black & Gold Key package is a customized

night of decadence that includes access to an exclusive VIP room. Whether you want to be treated like a boss with top-shelf bottle service, or just kick back with a beer and a private lap dance, the Pittsburgh club — like the city it calls home — has something for everyone. That's what we call winning. 



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD A. LUCIO

bottoms up

What's hotter than a topless 18-year-old in bondage gear, poised for a bare-ass spanking? When the babe in question is Minneapolis-raised adult entertainer Jillian Janson, the answer is: not a fucking thing.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker





I'm taking time off before I think about continuing my education, and I'd love to see my face and body everywhere. I couldn't ask for a better way to get myself out there than by posing for *Penthouse*!








I fantasize about being in a bondage scene. I love being held against my will in a good way, of course.





I'm always up for mind-blowing, leg-shaking, sweaty sex, and I love it when a guy moans in my ear or talks dirty to me.







I'm loving everything about working in the adult industry. It's my dream job! I love sex, so why not use it to pay the bills?

SEE MORE OF JILLIAN AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



HIDDEN HAWAII



Welcome to Puna, an agricultural district on
Hawaii's Big Island, and home to the world's greatest weed.

»» By Joseph Luigi ««

I am about an hour southeast of Hilo on the Big Island of Hawaii, driving around looking for Kapoho Beach, where I have rented an oceanfront home for a week. I've taken a wrong turn, and I'm lost, but I'm enjoying the awe-inspiring natural beauty—a paradise of rainbow-hued horizons and mountain-fringed, sun-drenched beaches.

Up ahead, I see a long-haired guy leaning against a beat-up pickup truck, smoking a handmade cigarette. I roll up and ask him for directions. He sets me on my way, but before I pull back onto the road, I have to ask him: Are you smoking anything good?

He considers the item in his hand. This is just tobacco, he says. But I know where you can get some weed.

He gives me his cellphone number with instructions to call him the next day.

■ POTTED POT

I have traveled from New York to the mostly agricultural Puna district on the Big Island—globally famous for growing some of the most exquisite marijuana on Earth. This is the Hawaii you won't read about in travel books, and I'm on a one-week quest to sample some of this herb, and to interview the people involved in its production.

The morning after getting lost on the way to my Kapoho Beach rental, I waste no time calling the guy in the pickup truck I met—his name is Herb, funnily enough—and he gives me directions to an eco hostel where weed is likely to be available. He says to tell them Herb sent me.

I drive my rental car through a one-mile stretch of hardened lava fields left over from the 1960 eruption of the

Kilauea Volcano. The road eventually slips into a verdant rain forest and, ultimately, the entrance to my destination: a ramshackle campsite enveloped in tropical foliage.

Two teenage kids are playing chess just inside the entrance.

Aloha, I say. I'm looking for James. Herb sent me. One of the kids barely looks up.

James is not here now, he says. I tell him I'm a journalist writing an investigative report on Big Island marijuana. At this, a middle-aged woman with scraggly hair appears.

Are you a cop? she asks.

No, I say, and, by way of proof, I take a joint of a strain called Chemdog

DISTRICT OF PUNA

Puna's population is roughly 50,000, many of them countercultural types.

out of my pocket.

I light it up and pass it around. The woman savors it and smiles widely.

I'm glad you like it, I say. Do you have anything better?

She thinks about it for a second, and then says, I'll be right back.

When she returns she hands me a pungent, sticky bud. Check this out.

I try to break it up so I can roll a joint, but my fingers get so saturated with resin they stick together, and the bud doesn't break apart easily.

This weed is like Play-Doh, says the woman, whom I'll call Kolohe. You can't mess with it with your fingers because it will mark you. I'll get you a grinder to make it easier to roll a joint.

I take from the joint and, not stoned, I know I'm smoking the very best.

Anyone who knows will tell you there is nothing like primo Hawaiian weed. In addition to its scrumptious taste, this stuff gets you *high*, not *stoned*. Hawaii's intense sunshine and perfect climate provide optimum growing conditions to produce top-shelf bud.

After some persuasion, Kolohe ultimately gives in to my request to see some plants. We walk about a half-mile through a pristine rain forest abundant with brightly colored tropical plants. We cross a stream, trudge through more woods and pass a papaya grove, until we come upon a group of about ten potted plants scattered in a field of cane grass, the sun shining brightly upon them.

We had more plants growing here a month ago, says Kolohe, but we already harvested them.

People in Puna grow in flowerpots rather than in the ground. It gives you control of your environment, Kolohe explains, and you're going to set the plant to bud quicker. The roots can only grow so much, and



"Hawaii is a multisensory experience—the people, the air, the food, the smells, the climate, the atmosphere, the marijuana."

then the plant triggers and starts to bud. You don't have these huge, out-of-control plants. To finish a big plant in the ground is difficult. It's nearly impossible to get a 15-footer to finish with killer buds on it. Besides, in most spots in Puna you can't dig a hole in the ground and add ten gallons of soil, because you'll likely hit rock. There's lots of lava around here.

Originally from Austin, Texas, Kolohe has been living in Puna since 2005. I dreamed about coming to Hawaii since I was a kid, she says.

And when I finally came here, it was love at first sight. Hawaii is a multisensory experience—the people, the air, the food, the smells, the climate, the atmosphere, the marijuana.

With the influx of cannabis seeds from around the world over the years, Hawaii offers quite a variety of strains. When I first came to the Big Island, there was a lot of Puna Butter, says Kolohe. It's a locally adapted indica/sativa hybrid. Now all kinds of new strains are available, and

you can grow any kind of strain you want if you know what you're doing. I recommend the tried-and-true strains that people have been growing here for years, because they are already climate-adapted. The Big Island is full of microclimate zones, even in Puna. Growing in Kapoho is quite different from growing in Kurtistown, which is still in the Puna district but at a higher elevation, where there's more rainfall.

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE

The next day, while driving around sightseeing, I see a fruit stand at the side of the road manned by a fortysomething Caucasian guy wearing a Bob Marley T-shirt. Seems promising, so I pull over. We're just a few miles from Cape Kumukahi, the easternmost point of the Hawaiian islands—a place reputed to have the world's cleanest atmosphere, because the air has traveled nearly 2,500 miles over open ocean and is encountering land for the first time.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH LUG



Kimo specializes in two of Puna's top-shelf local commodities.



Northern Lights weed from Kehena Beach

The dude's name is Kimo (as far as you know), and his life could not be more simple, or idyllic. Kimo earns his daily bread by selling two commodities — cr me de la cr me marijuana (known locally as the *crip*) and fresh local fruit. That's it. The man's life is essentially a day-to-day reenactment of the Garden of Eden, pre-fall: He just walks out of his home, which is within a mile of the fruit stand, loads his truck with a variety of fruit, drives to the stand, unloads it, and takes a seat. The customers come rolling by for both products.

I sell whatever I have, he says. It just so happens that a lot of people want ganja. I usually sit here around 20 days a month, but once my bills are paid, there's no need to be out here any longer.

Nope. Not as long as the beaches are open.

I don't know any other job where people pull up in their car and show you handfuls of their smoke, and I show them what I have to offer, Kimo says. I've sampled more varieties of ganja in Puna during the past six months than I sampled when I lived in Europe for two years — and that's when I was taking the train to Amsterdam most weekends. Marijuana is a major part of the culture in Puna — we are just inundated with it. There is a tolerance to an alternative lifestyle in Puna like nowhere else in Hawaii.

■ DECRIMINALIZED

Surprisingly, much of the rest of Hawaii is not especially weed-friendly. It's a family-oriented destination and marijuana can be hard to find if you don't know where to go, even though pot has been decriminalized. Statewide in Hawaii, one can grow up to seven plants with a medical permit, whereas on the Big Island adults with a medical-marijuana card can grow up to 24 plants legally on private property, thanks to a county ordinance passed by the voters on November 4, 2008, to decriminalize possessing and growing marijuana for personal use. This proposition allows Big Island residents to order from international seed banks, but does not allow residents to sell marijuana.

However, the federal government still has the jurisdiction to eradicate your crop. The feds want to eliminate the possibility of this turning into a major industry, explains Kimo, so if you keep your crop small and within state guidelines, law enforcement won't hassle you. The feds want the big dealers and growers. Recently, a friend of Kimo's wasn't so lucky. As Kimo explains, A helicopter landed on his property and told him he was over the 24-plant limit and confiscated his plants.

Ultimately, you have two choices for growing marijuana if you're a Big Island resident: You can do it secretly, under the radar, and hope you can keep your operation private, or you can pay for a medical-marijuana card; provide your name, address, and social-security number; and grow it within the parameters of the law.

I used to grow my own ganja, says Kimo, but now I get all my weed from this guy in upper Puna who I call the Uncle. This guy is an experienced grower from the mainland who wanted to grow in a tropical climate, and he chose Puna. He and his girlfriend each have their marijuana cards, so between the two of them they can legally grow 48 plants on their property. They have a greenhouse and dehumidifying rooms. This guy grows just the right amount of ganja, and each nug is picture-perfect. I stopped growing my own weed ever since I got to know this guy, because he is so much better at it than I am.

■ PURPLE B

Although the Uncle grows a variety of exotic strains, including White Widow, Silver Haze, Diesel, and Grape God, his signature weed is a spectacular strain called Purple B. Kimo says, Purple B is a three-cross hybrid that only he grows. It's invitation-only ganja. The Uncle keeps most of it for himself, so I'm lucky if I can get some. I have it want to try some?

Kimo takes a bud of Purple B out of a jar and inserts it into his coconut chalice, which he's fashioned into a bong with a glass bowl. I take a hearty hit and, within seconds, a sense of warmth and introspection permeates my body. The high is incredibly serene, and I sit back and listen to Kimo sketch in the details of his background.

Born and raised on Oahu, he moved to the Big Island because Oahu had

become too developed. You can come here and get away to the real Hawaii, he says. When I first moved to the Big Island, I worked as a tour guide for ten years, and I used to drive around the island. When the tourist industry dried up in 2008 due to the recession, I decided to move to Puna. Now I just roll out of my driveway with my fruits and people find me. I don't even have a cellphone. When I moved to Puna I told my friends that if I grew dreadlocks, they should stage an intervention.

Puna is located on the eastern side of the Big Island known as the Hilo side and it's filled with waterfalls and is dense with lush vegetation. (The western portion of the Big Island is known as the Kona side, and it's warm and sunny year-round.) Since there aren't many beaches in Puna, most tourists stay away. Puna's main town is Pahoa, which is the epicenter of the local marijuana trade. With its dilapidated wooden boardwalks, rickety buildings, and Victorian-style architecture, it's a funky town quite unlike the rest of Hawaii. There are no hotels in Pahoa. There are several good restaurants, though.

■ PROTOCOLS

The scent of marijuana wafts through the air as I walk around town. Although I don't actually see anyone smoking it, several sidewalk passersby reek of it. When I enter a video store turned head shop to purchase rolling papers, the place stinks of skunk weed. As casually as possible, I ask the cashier where the smell is coming from.

I don't smell anything, is her nonchalant response.

Don't try to score weed in Pahoa because surveillance cameras are widespread. A great place to purchase weed is Kehena Beach, which has a festival atmosphere on Sundays, when people congregate to share pipes, joints, and bongs, as well as various psychedelics. The surf is usually rough here, so be careful if you venture into the water, but it's a delightful place to relax and mingle with the locals.

A clothing-optional black-sand beach, Kehena Beach is on the Red Road, a scenic 15-mile thruway that hugs the coast in southern Puna. It was once paved with red cinder gravel, thus the name. Now the road has been paved with smooth black asphalt, and it winds through some gobsmacking scenery, including



Thirsty for some Purple Cola?

parched lava fields, groves of mango and palm trees, oceanside parks, geothermally heated ocean pools, and tree-tunnel canopies so dense with foliage they block out the sun. The road comes to a dead end at Kaimu Beach, where a new black-sand beach has formed.

Soon after I've parked my car at Kehena, a young woman with braided hair approaches and asks if I'd like to buy some weed. I have Northern Lights, she says. She opens up a ziplock bag and there it is—green, juicy nuggets with a sweet scent. I'll take 20 dollars' worth, I tell her.

It's a beautiful day, and the beach is packed. The Northern Lights high is especially euphoric, and I gaze at the waves crashing onto the beach and bask in the hot tropical sun. About 90 minutes later I walk back to my car, and the young woman is still there. That weed was very good, I tell her.

I already sold most of it, she says. I have about an eighth left. It's yours for 30 bucks.

Sold.

■ PUNATICS

I meet an interesting cast of characters in Puna, people who have distanced themselves from many of the world's pressures and tribulations. Affectionately known as Punatics, they love it here, and it's not hard to see why: The climate is ideal, the scenery is splendid, the people are happy and friendly, and much of the weed is fantastic. Just don't visit Puna



Supersticky buds, courtesy of the author's new friend Kolohe



Invitation-only weed: Purple B

during the three months starting in December, unless you like rain.

On the Kona side of the Big Island, it stays warm and sunny year-round, and you can find the world-renowned Kona Gold weed, a strain distinctly different from the varieties in Puna.

In Puna you get more humidity and rainfall, says Kolohe. The buds on the Kona side are more like the lime-green, frosty bud that you'd find in a place like, say, Arizona. People harvest marijuana all year long on the Big Island. It just varies by your elevation and what type of strains you're growing.



Waipi'o Valley
lookout. Sigh.

Kimo, for his part, has smoked weed from every corner of the Big Island, and insists that Puna produces the best strains of all. It wasn't until I moved to Puna that I saw plants grown in large pots reach maximum maturity, he says. You have to know what you're doing so your plants don't develop mold and fungus. If you have

a means of keeping [them] dry and they reach maximum maturity, your plants transform into something truly spectacular—they develop all these incredible flower towers, and they shoot out brightly colored hairs.

Unlike on the mainland U.S., where marijuana is predominantly sold for cash, in Puna weed is often bartered.

There's more ganja than money here, Kimo says. If you have great ganja, you can trade it for pretty much anything. I once traded it for a car.

One downside is that certain people are looking to steal your crop, so it's imperative to keep your operation as private as possible. Most people here are friendly and laid-back, but there are some desperate Punatics who wouldn't think twice before ripping off your crop.

These exceptions aside, Puna is a safe place to score exceptional weed and enjoy the outlandish beauty of Hawaii. And unlike in Jamaica, another marijuana mecca on a tropical island, you don't have to risk your life to score weed. There are no seedy neighborhoods or aggressive vendors. Just cruise the scenic roads in your rental vehicle, and stop by a roadside merchant selling T-shirts, fruit, or island knickknacks. Be friendly, and chances are you'll stumble upon someone who will brighten your day considerably.

The marijuana growers in Puna have bred local strains with varieties from all over the world to produce climate-adapted cannabis that is second to none. It may be a long way from the mainland, but it's well worth the trip. **OT**



FIVE MUST-SEE BIG ISLAND DESTINATIONS



Akaka Falls State Park

A 15-minute drive north of Hilo on the Hamakua Coast, Akaka Falls plunges 442 feet into a spectacular gorge. Downward steps at the entrance take you through a bamboo forest and into a lush tropical oasis to a view of Kahuna Falls, and then, a few minutes later, to the majestic Akaka Falls. It's an awe-inspiring, idyllic setting, where rainbows often appear. Arrive early to beat the four buses.



Waipi'o Valley

Bordered by nearly 2,000-foot cliffs, with a picturesque black-sand beach between them, Waipi'o Valley is a bona fide Garden of Eden, an ancient home of Hawaiian royalty. Now, very few people live here, as the land is used mostly for farming. Route 240 dead-ends abruptly at the Waipi'o Valley lookout, where a very steep road (accessible only by four-wheel-drive vehicles) takes you to the valley floor, which continues six miles inland.



Hawaii Volcanoes National Park

A trip to the Big Island would not be complete without a full day here, one of the most visited places in all of Hawaii and with good reason. Drive directly to the Jaggar Museum, which overlooks Kilauea crater, the world's most active volcano and a sight to behold. Hiking trails abound in the park's more than 30,000 acres.



Onizuka Visitor Information Station at Mauna Kea

The newly paved Saddle Road from Hilo leads to the turn-off to this moonlike place, 9,300 feet above sea level and the stopping-off point for those heading to the summit, nearly 4,500 feet above Onizuka. This is the perfect place to acclimate to the altitude before climbing to Mauna Kea's highest point, which requires a four-wheel-drive vehicle. Be sure to bring warm clothing—it can get bitterly cold up there.



The beaches of the Kohala Coast

This stretch of lava-fringed coastline just north of the town of Kailua-Kona is home to the Big Island's luxury resorts and the best beaches, all of which are open to the public. Be sure to visit Kua Bay, a wide, talcum-white-sand strand overlooking turquoise waters, and one of the most gorgeous beaches in the state. **OT**

play her like a violin



Nisha and Annabel bring new meaning and unbelievably steamy action to the task of making beautiful music together.

Photographs by Davide Esposito



















SEE MORE OF NISHA & ANNABEL AT PENTHOUSE.COM

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH



Cheap ViAgRA?

Should I buy Viagra from a spam email?

No! No! A thousand times, no! Do not even click on a link in a spam Viagra email, let alone try to place an order.

This really should go without saying. I like your question anyhow, because the answer is so obvious. It's like "always look both ways before you cross the street," or "never go near a fallen power line." No one argues with that advice, but by taking it for granted, it's also easy to forget why it's important, or what could happen if you don't heed it.

First of all, many Viagra-type spam emails aren't just unsolicited advertisements—they're lures. Clicking a link in a spam email could open a web page that downloads and installs viruses or malware on your computer.

If you follow a link in a spam email that takes you to an online pharmacy, you can be certain it's bogus. Legitimate pharmacy websites don't send spam, and they will not let you buy prescription drugs without a prescription. Some shady online pharmacies sort-of legally allow customers to order a prescription drug by filling out a questionnaire online; a doctor hired by the online pharmacy then reviews the questionnaire and prescribes the medicine. This practice is frowned upon by the authorities, but technically it's not illegal, if the drugs aren't controlled substances. Still, "no Rx required" is a pretty sure sign that the site is not on the up-and-up.

Now, let's say you were to order Viagra from a spammer's website. What would happen? Well, you'd have

to pay for it, and have it shipped to you. So you'd give your credit-card number, address, possibly also your date of birth and other personal information, to the people running the website—most likely a criminal gang overseas, or, if you're lucky, a small-time crook.

You might or might not ever receive your order. The people behind the website might simply steal your money and/or your identity. If they do bother to actually ship products to customers, the drugs they're selling are very often fake (a pill that looks like the real thing, but doesn't contain the real drug at all) or counterfeit (an illegal imitation of a brand-name drug that may contain the active ingredient).

And since shipments from bogus pharmacies often come from out-

side the United States, your package might be seized by U.S. Customs. Importing prescription drugs from outside the country is prohibited.

Personally, I'm pretty big into safety. For example, I keep fire extinguishers in my house, and check regularly to make sure they're in working order. The same goes for smoke detectors. I am religious about buckling up in the car. I take that shit seriously because I know from personal experience what the dangers really look like (in my spare time, I'm a volunteer firefighter). I haven't clicked a link in a spam email since 1999. Since I don't like to give advice blindly, I wanted to see for myself where the spammers would take me.

I picked five recent Viagra-type emails out of my spam folder. These days, many spammers avoid the word "Viagra" in their messages, because it's a big red flag for spam filters. In addition to trick spellings like "ViAg RA," they use phrases like "ED medications," "men's pills," and "erect meds."

First I locked down all of my security settings to prevent any access to my computer or network, and went online using the Tor web browser to ensure I'd be totally anonymous online. The guys on the other end couldn't see my location or identify me by any internet signature.

Three of the five web addresses went nowhere. The highly secure web browser I was using just showed an error message when I tried to load the page. Either there were no web-sites at those addresses, or, if there had been, they had been shut down. Considering that the emails were only hours old, I suspect the links were meant to infect a visitor's computer with something.

Two of the spam emails had links that pointed to internet-pharmacy sites, one calling itself "Pharmacy Express," and another named "Canadian Health & Care Mall." Both are fraudulent websites run by notorious criminal spamming rings, and prime targets of an international law-enforcement crackdown operation launched in 2013.

Absolutely everything on these sites is phony: credentials, companies, contacts—everything. As for the drugs they supposedly sell, I'll let you draw your own conclusions. I wouldn't take the risk of trying to place an order myself. That would be foolish.



Getting It On (But Not Putting It In)

I'm a pastor and I'm doing some counseling with a woman in her early thirties. She and her boyfriend, of the same age, are very sexually inexperienced. Neither of them has had an intimate relationship before. They want to find ways of being sexually intimate without penetration. They feel they're not ready for that. After kissing, they don't know what to do. Could you recommend an educational book that covers ways of being sexually intimate without penetration?

As a general, all-purpose, fun, and informative sex-ed book for adults, I highly recommend *Guide to Getting It On! A Book About the Wonders of Sex* (Goofy Foot Press).

There are surely other good ones, but the *Guide* sets the standard in the how-to category. The previous edition, published in 2009, was my go-to reference book for years; and the new edition, published in 2012, is all that and more. What I like most about this particular sex manual is that it's just as relevant to adults with a lot of sexual experience as it is to beginners. We can all learn something more about sex.

The *Guide* also stands out for its equal treatment of nonpenetrative sex. I wouldn't go so far as to say most, but certainly many sex guides are based on the premise that sex is the act of putting something into someone else's pussy, mouth, or butt.

Most sexually active adults have that idea, too. But there are many,

many ways of experiencing sexual pleasure with someone else that don't involve penetrating an orifice. How about: handjobs, genital massage, vibrator stimulation, foot-fucking, naked cuddling, dry-humping, ball-fondling, ass-tickling, nipple-licking, and masturbating with a partner, to name several.

All of those things can be superbly erotic, satisfying, and intimate. That is to say—it's all sex.

For a couple that's just starting out in their thirties, I'd expect they might feel a little insecure about being "late bloomers." That's another thing I really like about the *Guide*. It covers all the basics about sexuality, as well as the advanced stuff, and doesn't talk down to any reader. Plus, it has pictures. The book is filled with illustrations that are both informative and, I must say, pretty damn hot. Much like a certain magazine (*ahem*), the writing and pictures in the *Guide* work together to inform and inspire good sex. ㄹㄹ

SPANK HAPPY

ART BY JASON JOHANSON
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE

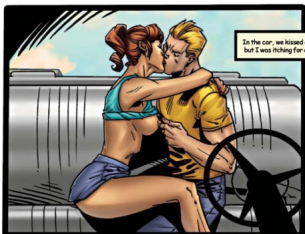
Some men are born spankers. Although I'm a dedicated spankee, I rarely meet guys like that, so I have a system for goading vanilla boyfriends into becoming ass-smacking dominants who just love to punish my bottom.

Fortunately I have a great ass, and while roller-skating, I usually wear ultrashort skirts to reel them in.

Nice outfit.

After a quick introduction, Rob bought me a soda and offered to give me a lift home.





In the car, we kissed and he tweaked my nipples, but I was itching for a spanking.

I've been such a bad girl today—I called in sick so I could hang out at the beach. I deserve whatever punishment you want to give me.



Are you trying to tell me something, Clarissa?





This cameraman shoots and scores with hot reporters.

As told to Greg Hudock

ACTION NEWS



Growing up, I was an A/V geek. I loved working on video and audio recordings so much that I ended up with a 20-year career as a cameraman and video editor for a large metropolitan news station. I enjoy it, but it can be stressful. That tension in the newsroom and out in the field results in directors and reporters with a need to work off some of their stress. I've had sex with coworkers many times, but a couple of on-the-job encounters really stand out.

Joan is the news director. She was once a reporter, but she'd been sent behind the scenes in favor of younger female reporters. It was clear that this was a source of frustration for her. To stand out, she would

dress very sexy, often wearing low-cut blouses and unbelievably short skirts. Truthfully, though, she didn't need to go to those lengths. She was one of the hottest cougars I had ever seen—busty, fit, and attractive. Since we both work on footage for the morning news, we were alone together quite often. One early morning, as I was putting together the last of the film I had shot the night before, Joan burst into the editing room.

"That fucking cunt!" she yelled, furious.

"Excuse me?" I replied, startled.

"That new fucking cunt reporter Kimberly called in sick," she explained. "And she had the nerve to say I would have to call someone else in because I'm past my prime!"

"But you're hotter than Kimberly," I said, trying

I slid the tip of my cock into her dripping pussy. As we fucked, I drilled her at an angle that had the shaft of my cock rubbing her clit with every stroke. By the loudness and frequency of her moans, I could tell it was working. What a great start to a day at work.



to defuse the situation.

"Really?" she asked, surprised.

"Yeah," I answered. "In fact, you know the game Fuck, Marry, Kill? When I play that with the other guys, we always say we want to fuck you and kill that little bitch Kimberly."

"Wow, I didn't realize you all want to fuck me," Joan replied, seeming flattered. "That's actually really hot." She took a step back and sat on the equipment table beside me. "So," she said, "how do you all want to fuck me?"

Knowing we were alone and that she was into what I had just said, I went for it. I got up from my chair and walked over to her. "Well, we all say we'd love to kiss your gorgeous, full lips." I leaned in and kissed her. "We also say we'd love to run our hands up your skirt and tease your pussy." I put my words into action. "And we all say we want to suck your big, beautiful tits."

Joan wasn't interested in foreplay. "We can do that later," she said. "I'm so wet right now that I just want your cock!"

I pushed her back onto the table as she hiked up her skirt. Her heels fell to the floor as her panties slid down her thighs. "Tell me," she cooed, "how do you all want to fuck me?"

"Just like this," I said, sliding the tip of my cock into her dripping pussy. As we fucked, I drilled her at an angle that had the shaft of my cock rubbing her clit with every stroke. By the loudness and frequency of her moans, I could tell it was working.

Joan put her arms around my neck and pulled me close to her. "Come inside me!" she demanded. I pounded her as hard as I could until I shot my wat into her twat. Needless to say, that was a great start to a day at work.

Kelly is a blonde and petite 22-year-old field reporter. She and I ended up doing reports on random topics at all hours. One Friday night, we were covering a high school football game. While we took a break, I put my feet up on the console in the back of the news van and took a swig of whiskey from my flask. Kelly wanted in on the action.

"You've been holding out on me this whole time?" she pouted, mad that I hadn't offered her

some earlier. She took a deep hit of whiskey, then said, "Man, football players are so lame. They act all macho, but they don't know the first thing about getting a girl off."

"What you need is a real man," I said with a wink.

"How many women have you fucked?" she asked bluntly.

"Well, I don't know exactly," I replied, "but it's somewhere between 100 and 1,000."

"That many?" she gasped. "I bet you know what you're doing. The jocks I dated in high school and college never fucked me right. They were too into themselves."

"I think you'll find that older men are more able to make you happy," I replied, glad to capitalize on the opportunity.

"How do you make a woman come?" she said.

"I let the woman tell me and show me what works for her," I explained. "I put a woman's mind at ease, do what it takes to get her turned on, and then hit the spots that get her off."

Clearly getting aroused, Kelly continued asking questions: "You mean you watch a girl masturbate and learn from the way she touches herself?"

"That's one way of doing it, yes," I replied. "I'll show you how to show me. Take off your panties, then pick up that microphone and use it on yourself as if it's a vibrator." She rubbed the head of the mike between her pussy lips and on her clit. "That's good," I said. "Now, how do you feel?"

"Like I want to fuck you!" she exclaimed.

We began making out with intensity. She took my jacket off the coatrack, threw it onto the floor of the news van, and pushed me on top of it. "Let's see how good you really are," Kelly said with a giggle, as she pulled down my pants and mounted me. Her pussy was hot, soaking wet, and very tight, making it hard for me to hold out. I grabbed her hips and shifted the angle of my cock so that it didn't feel too good too fast. She moved her hips back and forth wildly as she rubbed her clit. Her moans got shorter and shorter, until the moment that had eluded her with previous lovers finally happened. "I'm coming," she moaned, with a tone of accomplishment. Knowing my job was done, I pulled out and shot my wat onto her perky young tits. **OT—**



gowest

Twenty-four-year-old Zo West calls upstate New York home, makes her living as a model and actress, and tells us her favorite workout is pole dancing and that she's never up for being abstinent. Yep, she's our kind of girl.

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I don't need time to
decide if I'm going to sleep
with a guy I'm dating.
Chances are, if he made it to
a first date with me, I already
plan to sleep with him.



"If I had to choose between losing my right arm and losing my ability to have orgasms, I'd give up my arm. Then I'd get a sweet robot arm in its place."



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Leather Tethers

*A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXV:
Please Me, Spank Me, by Grand Central Publishing.*

I tried to wiggle free of my restraints, but they were too tight. I was lucky I could move around at all; escape was not an option. Not that it bothered me. There's nothing I enjoy more than being tied up and letting my lover have his way with me. And Brent was definitely enjoying me being his captive, too, judging from the hard-on he sported as he watched me struggle against the leather straps holding me in place.

Things had started innocently enough. Brent had invited me to dinner at his place for our six-month anniversary. He cooked a delicious meal for us to share and then we exchanged gifts.

I insisted Brent open his present first, even though I was dying to know what was inside the package he'd given me. As soon as he'd opened the box and expressed his gratitude for the handcuffs I'd bought him, I tore into my own neatly wrapped package. As the paper fell away and the box top came off, I got my first glimpse of ... well, I had no idea what it was. I pulled it out of the box and attempted to decipher what the web of straps was supposed to be, but to no avail.

"You have no idea what it is, do you?" he said with a laugh. When I rolled my eyes, he continued, "It's for when you don't have a four-poster bed. It slips under the mattress and then you can tie someone up with the tethers. The guy at the store said it works great, and I figured since you like being bound so much that this would be fun."

When he said he could tie me up tight without a fancy bed, I was thrilled! Though I had a four-poster



canopy bed, most people didn't, including Brent, and it was hard for me to really enjoy being bound if I wasn't actually tied down to anything. I immediately jumped on him and kissed him in thanks, before dragging him off to the bedroom to test out our new plaything.

As soon as we were in the bedroom, our clothes started coming off. I had lost my heels on the way up the stairs, and Brent hadn't been wearing shoes to begin with. My sweater was pulled over my head and thrown to the side, along with Brent's shirt and blazer. We were naked in no time, and I pushed him to the bed and began kissing him fiercely. Our lip-lock didn't last long, however, because we were both too excited.

We broke apart, and Brent quickly went to work setting up for our scene while I watched, my pussy growing wetter by the second. His actions

were turning me on so much that I was sure I would explode the second I was tied up. While Brent continued to fiddle with the web and tethers, I began fingering myself, unable to wait for him to finish. He'd been working for only a couple of minutes, but the idea of being tied up always gets me hot, and watching him go through the trouble of setting up my gift was serving as more fuel for the fire.

Finally he had the straps in place and ready for use. When he turned to announce the start of our scene, he caught me with my hand between my legs and playfully scolded me.

"What do you think you're doing?" he asked. "Did I tell you to play with yourself? No. I think you need to be punished, Claire."

My eyes lit up as he lectured me, and I could barely contain myself when he grabbed my hand and pulled me over to the bed, pushed me down on the mattress, and began to bind my extremities. Each tether had a leather cuff attached at the end, and within moments, Brent had my wrists and ankles firmly secured with the soft hide.

When he stepped back to admire my form, tied spread-eagle to his king-size bed, I began to wriggle around, testing my restraints. I pulled, twisted, and kicked, fighting against my bonds but never able to move more than an inch or so in any direction. It was perfect!

Moving over to the bed, Brent picked up his discarded tie and trailed it along my body, letting only the very edge of the silk accessory tickle my skin. The tie dangled across my body, covering every inch of me, from head



to toe and back again, before Brent decided to use it as a blindfold and tied it in place, covering my eyes. Now excited, tethered, and unable to see, I was truly on edge.

The bed dipped as Brent climbed onto the mattress with me, and I paid close attention to the way my body shifted as he moved up the bed. When he finally settled into place, he was straddling my chest, his cockhead pressing against my lips. I opened my mouth compliantly and eagerly took his dick into my mouth. As I sucked his hard shaft, he thrust in and out, pulling himself farther down my body with every few strokes. Because I was bound so tightly, I could move my head only a couple of inches, and as he retreated, I went from being able to deep-throat him to running my tongue over just the head to having the crown barely touching my lips. He knows I like sucking his tasty cock, so his teasing was actually a kind of torture. I strained against the tethers, trying to get closer to him once he'd stopped thrusting, but nothing worked.

I heard Brent let out a chuckle as I struggled in my bonds. Then I felt him move again, this time camping out between my legs, his hands holding my hips against the mattress. He stayed there, unmoving, for several moments, making me guess what he was going to do next. Then he leaned in and blew softly across my soaking cunt. I shivered and writhed in his grasp. He was driving me crazy!

Finally he moved in and began to eat my pussy. His tongue danced across my hot flesh, each lick causing me to writhe in pleasure and strain against the cuffs holding me down. The soft leather was digging into my

so I wasn't surprised when he started plowing into me fast and hard. I simply lay beneath him, meeting his thrusts as best I could while still tied tightly in place. If my wriggling and writhing had been difficult before, the actions were even more so now, with his sturdy body holding me down and my bonds digging into my flesh even more, which was delightful in a very dirty way.

It wasn't long before I was coming again, the combination of Brent's fucking and my struggle against the straps bringing me to a thrilling orgasm. Brent came at almost the same time, filling me with his seed as he continued pumping into me, making sure I got every drop of semen.

When we were finally done, Brent



He blew softly across my soaking cunt. I shivered and writhed in his grasp. His tongue danced across my hot flesh, each lick causing me to writhe in pleasure and strain against the cuffs holding me down.

wrists and ankles, and each time I bucked, new waves of pleasure washed through me because of the tension. In a matter of moments I was coming, my body convulsing in ecstasy and my juices flowing. Brent stayed between my legs, licking me slowly, until I'd come down from my high.

Climbing back on top of me, he ran his dick along my pussy lips several times, gathering up my remaining dew, before thrusting into me. In one fast stroke, he was enveloped to the hilt. After all the teasing he'd done, I knew he must be close to climaxing,

moved to unbind me, but I stopped him. I wanted to enjoy the feeling of being tethered a little longer, so I remained bound until he had finished washing up and getting drinks for us both. Once free of my restraints, I marveled at the red lines marking my skin where the cuffs had been. I hadn't expected the straps to be so strong, but I was glad they were. I love that I no longer have to make do without being tied up the way I like, and I can't wait to try our new plaything on our hotel bed when we go on vacation next month! C.A., Indiana

Game Time

My boyfriend placed my hand on the bulge in his pants and asked if I'd been bad. I said I had. "You know what happens to bad little girls, don't you?" he asked.

"I certainly do," I said, as my cunt instantly got wet. I put on a plain miniskirt, a white blouse, and knee socks. I returned to the bed, my nipples hard under the thin shirt, my pussy damp and swollen.

"Come here," he said. I took my time, knowing what was coming. He bent me over his knee and my skirt rode up, exposing my bare ass. He fondled me for a bit, then lightly slapped my ass cheeks several times. I felt a tingle and groaned as he slid his fingers over my wet folds. He knew I needed more but he held back, teasing me. I was so horny and wet, I was squirming on his lap.

Just when I thought I'd have to cry uncle, he put me down on the floor on my knees. I clasped my hands behind my back, watching as he unzipped his fly and pulled out his cock. I took the head between my lips, savoring the salty taste of his pre-come. Then, without any warning, I deep-throated him and heard him moan. I love it when he thinks he's in control.

I kept up the pressure until he was about to lose it. Then I pulled back and sat on my heels as he got himself under control. "That's enough," he said. "Get on the bed."

I lay on my back, raised my arms, and held on to the brass headboard while he removed his clothes. Then I closed my eyes and waited. He opened my shirt, then blew lightly on my hard nipples, making them stiffen even more. I groaned as his tongue licked my tits. I wanted to let go of the headboard and pull his head hard to my aching breasts, but—as if he could read my mind—he said, "No hands, Claire. You know the rules."

I did know the rules—we'd made them up together. He moved from one tit to the other, and the sensation went straight to my clit. I kept reminding myself to keep still. If he knew how horny I was and how much I wanted him inside me, he'd only prolong the sweet torture. My only consolation was that his cock was rock-hard and he was just as desperate as I was.

Then I felt the head of his cock slide against my snatch. If he could hold out, so could I. I remained still as he teased me mercilessly. When I opened

my eyes, he was looking right into them, gauging my readiness. I gave up nothing as I watched the veins along his neck stand out from the strain of staying in control. I could tell he was losing the battle, and not a moment too soon. Another second and I'd have him.

Suddenly, he thrust forward and into me, no longer willing to ignore his own need. His strokes were fast and deep, and our tongues fought their own war of dominance. Then his hot mouth and tongue were on my tits again, and before I could cry out my release, he buried his head in my shoulder, gasped, and came hard, pulsing into me.

"That one was a tie, right?" he asked afterward, lazily.

"In your dreams," I said. "You definitely caved first, so it's my turn." I reached under the bed, pulled out a couple of ties, and told him to get ready. —C.M., Minnesota

Business and Pleasure

I walked into the hotel bar and thought my prayers had been answered. The guy was a wet dream: handsome in a rugged way, and it looked like his muscles came from hard work. I took the stool next to him, ordered a drink, and introduced myself. We started chatting, and it wasn't long before we were looking into each other's eyes and Trent's hand was on my thigh, caressing my leg. I rested my hand on his thigh and lightly traced the muscles with my fingers. I could tell by the growing bulge in his pants that he was as attracted to me as I was to him. I'm no slut, but I wanted to suck his cock so badly that I whispered my room

number in his ear and lightly squeezed his cock before leaving the bar.

I returned to my room and left the door slightly ajar, confident he'd follow my lead. I was about to raid the wet bar when I felt large, strong hands on my waist. I turned and Trent pulled me toward him for a steamy kiss. If he hadn't been holding me so tight, I might have swooned. Instead, I pulled away from him and began to strip his clothes off so I could run my hands over his muscled body. I undid his pants and his rigid cock sprang free. I ran my tongue around the huge head and he let out a deep moan, then I slipped it into my mouth and sucked hard while stroking his shaft. Minutes later, his hot come filled my throat and I milked every last drop.

Then it was my turn, and Trent couldn't undress me fast enough. He swirled his tongue around my swollen nipples, sending ripples of pleasure right through me, making me weak in the knees. Trent scooped me up into his arms with ease, placed me on the bed, and went straight to my pussy. He began sucking and licking my clit, and it felt so good that I came within minutes. He kept going, using his tongue and fingers to wring multiple orgasms out of me.



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I'd barely recovered when he slipped two fingers into my pussy, curled them just right, and hit my G spot. What a rush! When I finished thrashing and crying out, I almost felt sorry for the guy and hoped I hadn't scared him off, but he was smiling down at me. I regained my focus and pulled him down for a hot kiss.

I wrapped my legs around his waist and guided his cock into my throbbing pussy. I love a thick dick, and this guy's was huge. I felt his hot breath on my neck as he told me how good it felt to be inside me. He thrust in and out, slowly at first, then harder and faster, making me meet his thrusts until I finally cried out that I was coming again. He climaxed right along with me, grunting and filling my tight snatch with his load. I'd been in town for four hours, and this was already the best business trip I'd ever taken. —B.C., *Washington*

Fuck My Wife, Please

After my wife went out with a group of her girlfriends, she told me that they'd had a long conversation about threesomes. Some of her friends had bragged about handling two men at a time, and she wanted to know how I felt about it. I told her I'd be okay with it, but I didn't know if I was interested in being up close and personal enough with another guy for

double penetration. We talked about it for a long time, trying to anticipate problems, then visited a swingers website advertised in our favorite men's magazine to find a third.

We booked a motel room and met Craig in the restaurant across the street. After a quick drink—and watching Mallory eat crème brûlée in an amazingly seductive fashion—we headed to the motel.

Once we were all in the room, Craig became nervous, so Mallory set about putting him at ease. She went right up to him and kissed him, then guided him onto the bed and intensified her kisses. With their lips still pressed together, they began pulling off each other's clothes. Craig seemed eager to explore Mallory's body.

I stopped watching just long enough to undress. The next time I looked up, Craig was pumping away at Mallory's sweet pussy. I moved closer to the bed and sat on the edge. This was a first for me—watching the action up close. It was both fascinating and erotic.

Craig was really drilling her, and I knew they weren't going to last much longer. Then Craig moaned that he was going to come. He struggled to pull free, but Mallory held on as if her life depended on it. She wanted to feel Craig's hot load inside her. He gave one final thrust, and that must have been the one that did it for Mallory. I'd never heard her scream so loud. Watching them straining against each other only turned me on more. I couldn't wait for my turn.

When Craig rolled off, I rolled on and plunged right in. It didn't take long to drive Mallory back up to that peak. Within minutes her pussy contracted around me, and I exploded into her wonderful, hot snatch.

After a short break, Mallory got things going again. There was no doubt that she was calling the shots. She positioned Craig and me on the bed so she could stroke and suck our cocks hard again. When she had us the way she wanted us, she turned over onto her hands and knees and told me to fuck her from behind—her favorite position. Then she steered Craig's cock back into her mouth.

I was pounding Mallory doggie-style while she deep-throated Craig. It was incredible watching her give head to another man. I wanted to last longer, but that was impossible. In no time I came, filling her pussy with yet another load of come.

She was still working her oral magic



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on Craig. Knowing she hadn't come yet, I grabbed her ass cheeks and furiously tongued her backdoor. Her clit was swollen, and as soon as my fingers swirled around her love button, she began to shake uncontrollably. Whatever I did to her had an immediate effect on Craig, who began pumping his load down Mallory's throat. It was really an incredible sight.

Craig got dressed and thanked us for a great time, saying we should get in touch if we want to see him again. Mallory and I both had enjoyed the experience, but she wants our next third to be a woman. I suppose I can swing with that. —H.T., Illinois



A Good-bye Kiss

After four years with the company, my favorite coworker, José, was leaving to start a new job. There wasn't a woman at the company who hadn't thought about being under the sheets with this handsome, 25-year-old Latino. The lucky few who'd been there described him as hung like a stallion and a great fuck. But they were all single, while I'm married and in my early thirties. I knew my chances of ever having José were slim, yet there was a thin ray of hope, because he'd once told me that he wished I wasn't married. I invited him to a farewell dinner, neglecting to mention that it would be just the two of us.

José didn't seem upset when he realized we would be dining alone—or particularly surprised. We talked about his new job, movies, and books during dinner, and then during dessert I asked him what he'd meant when he said he wished I wasn't married. José didn't miss a beat. He said I was beautiful and that he'd thought about making love to me many times, but he'd never pursue a married woman. "I wouldn't turn one down if she approached me," he said with a wink, "but I don't go looking for trouble."

"So if I asked you to show me your etchings, you'd invite me for a nightcap at your place?"

He just smiled and signaled the waiter that we'd like our check.

I followed José in my car and, after a short drive, he took my hand and





led me into his apartment. We went straight to the bedroom and quickly took off our clothes. I could see that José liked what he saw, and I was in awe of his magnificent cock. It was at least nine inches long!

José saw how amazed I was by his dick and told me he would need to prep me to take it. He went down on me, eating my pussy hungrily, before lying on top of me and pressing his big cock inside my quivering cunt. The room filled with my cries of joy as every inch of him slowly disappeared inside me until I was filled to the max. Within minutes, José had me moaning in ecstasy as I flooded his cock with my love juice. Fortunately, he'd had the presence of mind to put on a condom, so it was fairly easy to clean myself up before I headed home to my husband.—R.M., Michigan

Rub Her the Right Way

I was hanging out at a local bar, enjoying a beer and watching a nurse I know play pool. Every time she bent over to take a shot, I admired her gorgeous ass, which was round, high, and made to be fucked. When the game finished, she strutted toward me. "Flying solo tonight?" I asked. "Yeah," Amanda said, taking the stool next to mine.

I bought her a beer and finished mine. We talked and played a few games of pool, until the place was ready to close. She lives close enough to walk, but I offered to give her a ride home on my Harley. She felt really

good up against my back, her breasts pressing into me. I could have taken a direct route to her house, but where's the fun in that?

When I finally arrived at her place, she climbed off the bike and said, "Thanks for the ride, Jimmy. I've got some beer in the fridge, if you're thirsty." Of course, I followed her in. She grabbed the beers, sat beside me on the couch, and told me she was a licensed masseuse. I said anyone could give a massage.

She laughed and told me to take off my shirt. While I pulled the shirt over my head, Amanda knelt next to me and told me to turn my back to her.

"What about the oil?" I asked. "Doesn't that help with the friction?" "Oil?" she asked. "You didn't even believe me when I told you I could do this, and now you want oil?"

"Actually, I do know a little something about massage therapy," I said, giving her my best smile. "Why don't I give you a back rub and you can tell me if I have any talent?"

"Okay, but let's do this right!" She gave me a wicked smile while leading me into her bedroom. "I'm not usually on the receiving end, so you'd better be good!"

"Why don't you get comfortable and we'll get started?"

She left the room and returned wearing a short robe. She turned her back to me and let the robe fall to the floor. The only thing she was wearing underneath was a tiny pink thong. She crossed her arms over her breasts and lay facedown on the bed. "There's some oil on the nightstand," she said. I grabbed the bottle, knelt beside

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her, and poured some on her back, spreading it over her skin. She smiled and murmured, "Mmm..."

I began to knead her shoulder muscles and neck, working my way down her spine and toward her ribs. Her large breasts squeezed out from beneath her, and I slid my hands along them as I worked.

"You've got great hands," she said.

I continued down toward her hips, and she arched her back as I pressed my thumbs into her flesh. As I worked on her lower back, she relaxed her legs. I had a clear view of her pussy and the thin thread of her thong.

"Raise your hips for me, Amanda."

She did and I pulled off her thong. She lay there breathing heavily as I drizzled oil between her ass cheeks, following the oil with my fingers until I was massaging her pussy and she was grinding her hips into the bed. She arched her back again and pressed herself against my hand in rhythm with my strokes.

Suddenly, she was up on her knees, pushing back against my hand. She moaned when my finger slid into her cleft and over her clit. I moved my hand back and inserted my thumb into her vagina. She pushed back further and gasped, bucking her hips up and down as I worked her G spot. After a few minutes of moving against my thumb she turned over, giving me the first full glimpse of those wonderful breasts, and said, "Fuck me."

I stripped off my pants and aimed my cock at her entrance. She began thrusting her hips, trying to get my dick inside. Finally, I gave her what she craved and surged into her, watching her tits bounce and quiver with every stroke. We hadn't been going at it very long when she came, creaming my cock and the sheets. I slowed my stroking as her orgasm wound down.

We fucked away what was left of

the night, and as luck would have it, she was multiorgasmic. Women like that do wonders for a guy's ego. After a while, I let her ride me and watched those big tits bounce in front of my face. Every so often her body would tense before she came, then tremble and shudder. Then I discovered how much she loved having my finger up her ass while she rode my cock.

"That feels so good," Amanda moaned.

"Are you ready for more? 'Cause, baby, I'm dying to fuck that gorgeous ass of yours."

She looked down at me with a grin, climbed off, and grabbed a bottle of K-Y out of a drawer. She got back on the bed on her hands and knees so I could lube up her butt and my dick. Then I slowly pushed my way into her backdoor, easing in an inch on each forward thrust, until I was balls-deep in her tight ass. I started riding her faster, and Amanda went down on her arms, pushing her ass into me more, panting and moaning loudly.

I made several more deep strokes and felt my orgasm building. We had been fucking for some time and I couldn't wait any longer. "Amanda, I'm coming!" I groaned.

She arched her back and readied herself. I felt the contractions start, grabbed her hips, and slammed into her one more time before I exploded deep inside her ass. We collapsed and just lay there, catching our breath.

I pulled the sheet over us as Amanda wiggled her ass and settled in against me. In the morning she rolled over, stretching. "So, how'd you like your massage?" I asked.

"You have good hands, but I still owe you a massage."

"No time like the present," I said.

"And if you're really good, I have a few moves you haven't seen yet!" — J.K., Idaho 01

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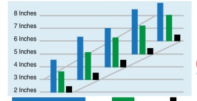
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